

In
Memoriam



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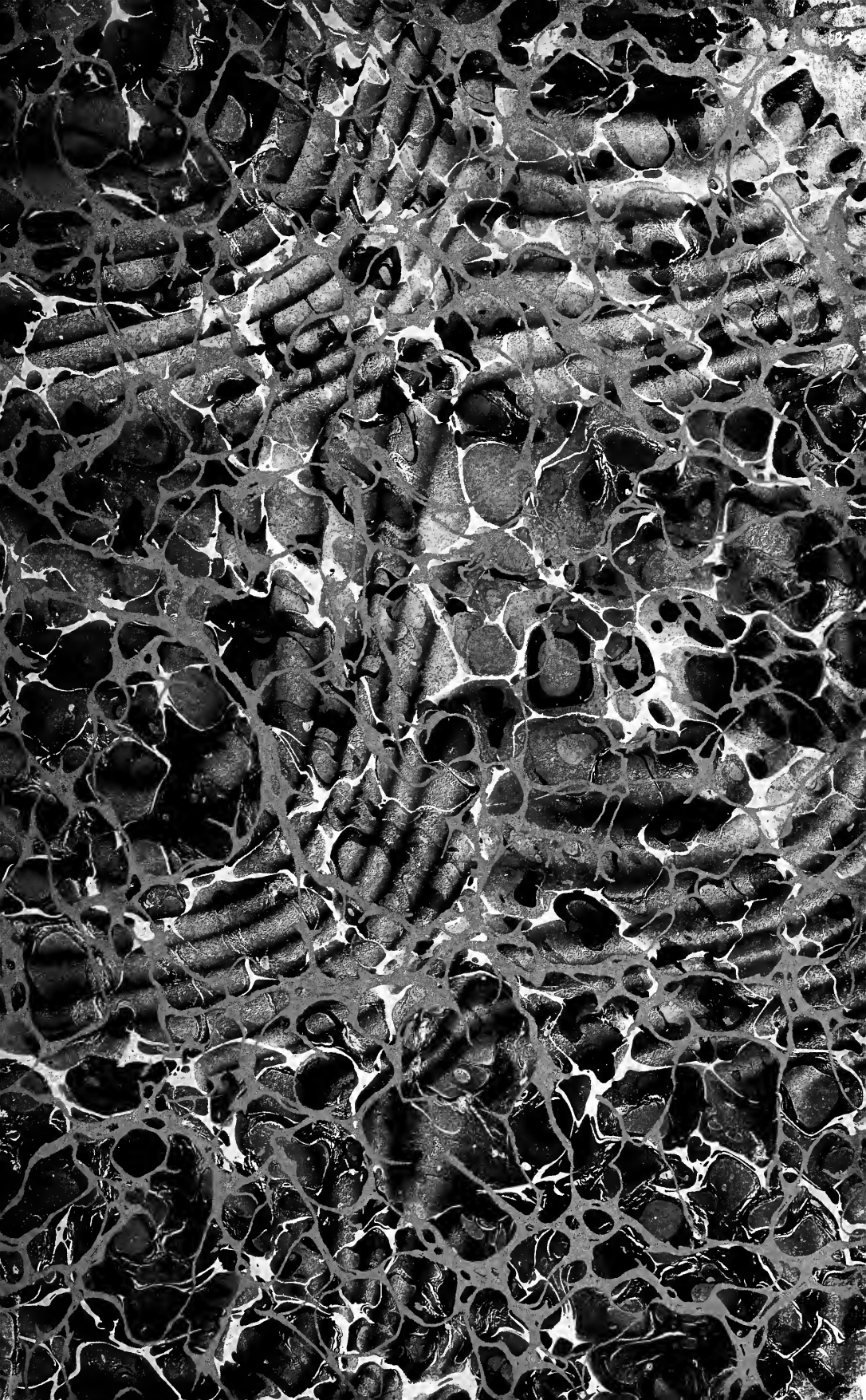


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In Memoriam

ALBERT BOWMAN WOOD











IN·MEMORIAM

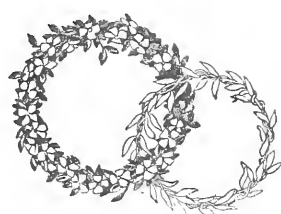
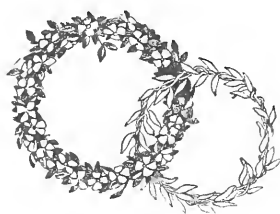
ALBERT
BOWMAN
WOOD

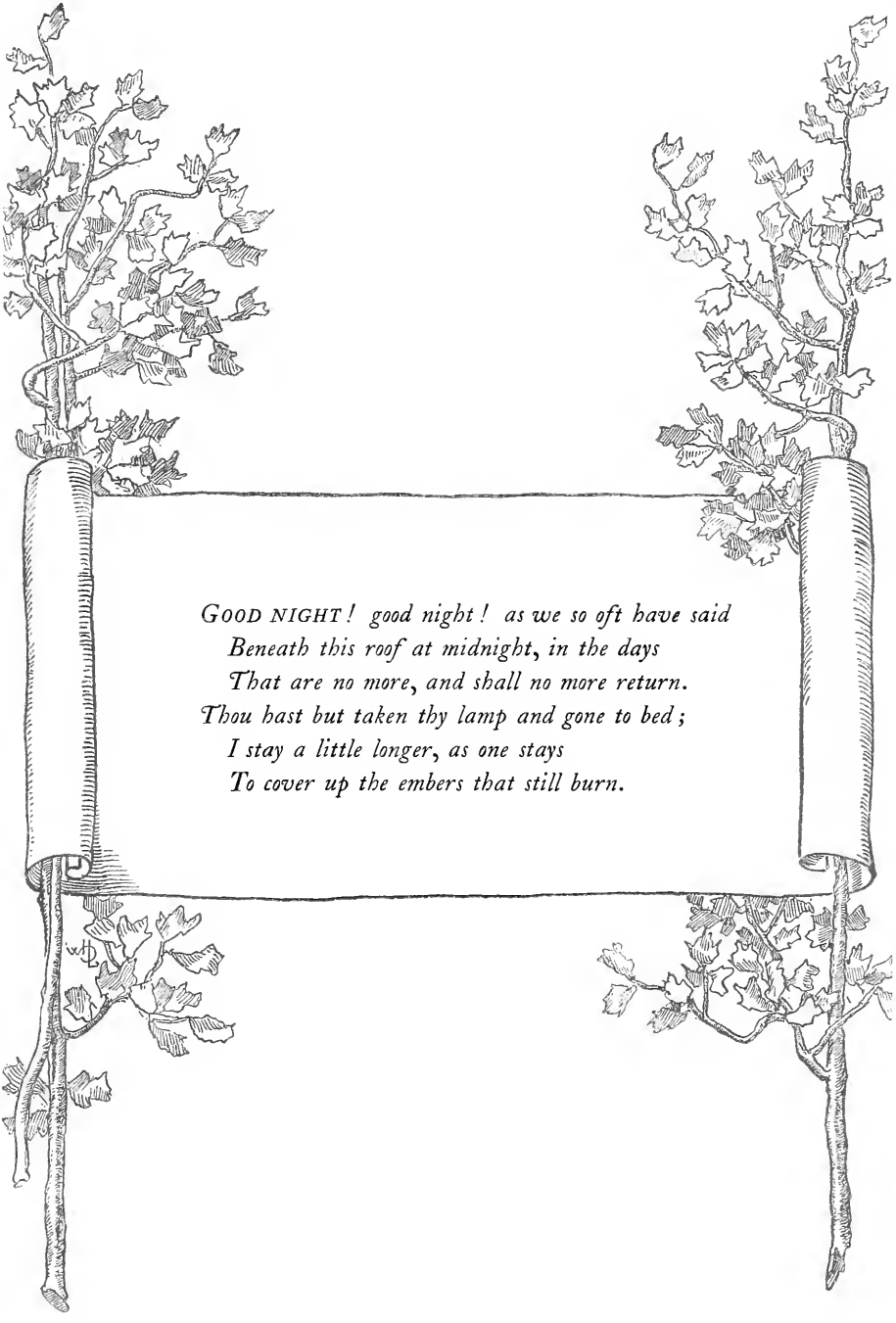




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UNIVERSITY PRESS • JOHN WILSON
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*GOOD NIGHT! good night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.*

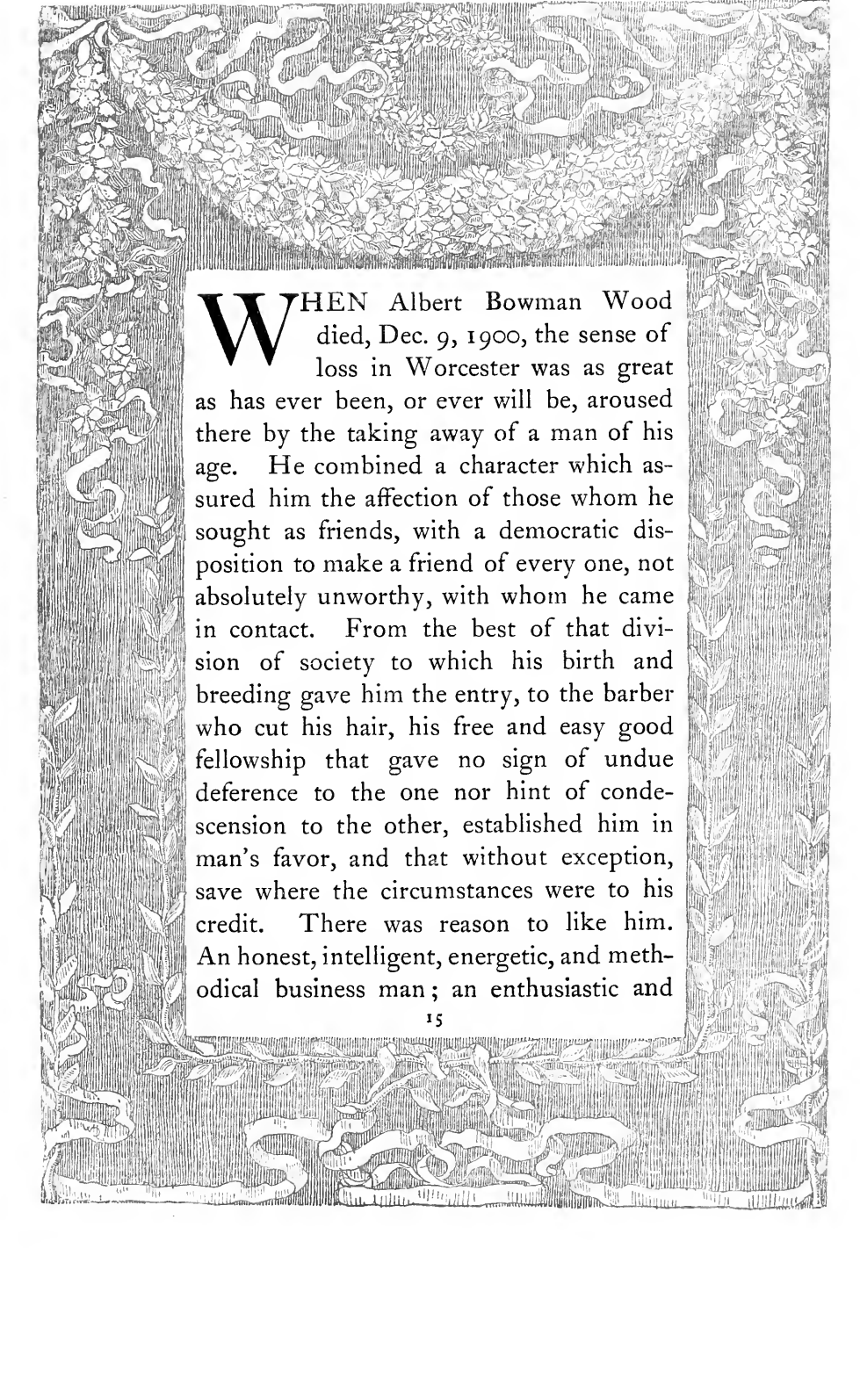


*ACROSS the stars and to eternity,
Our faintest whisper, on mysterious wings,
Flies thro' the universe and sighs or sings
Somewhere, as something, voiced unceasingly.
No truth there ever was that shall not be
Forever. 'T is a theme all Nature rings
Triumphant in its changes, and so brings
A portion of God's hope to you and me.
Tho' hushed the beating of so true a heart,
So great a force lives for us still we know.
And if perchance it may be called apart
Awhile, love yet is love, a radiant light ;
Tho' our blind gropings only feel the glow,
Till endless day shall wake our little night.*

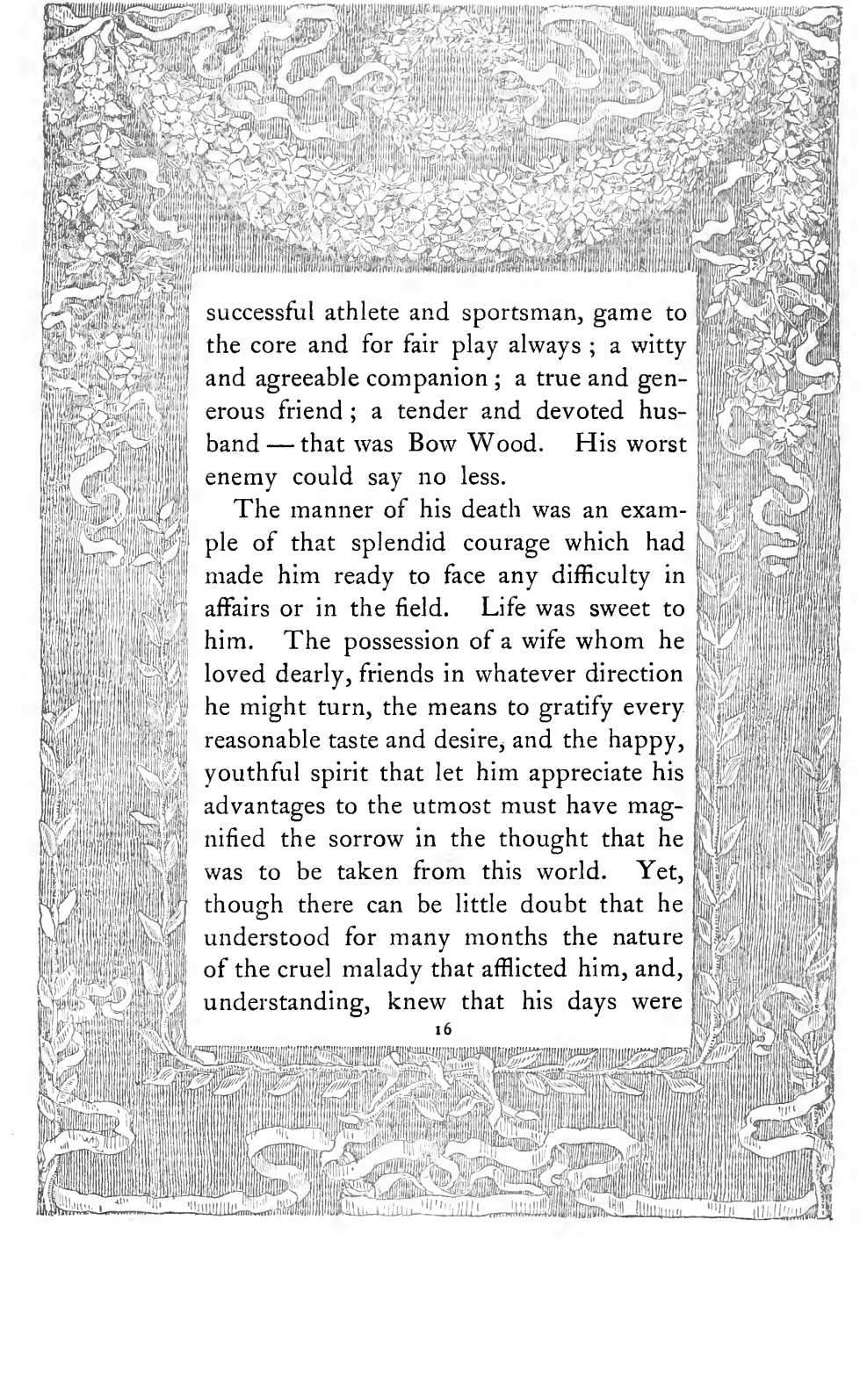






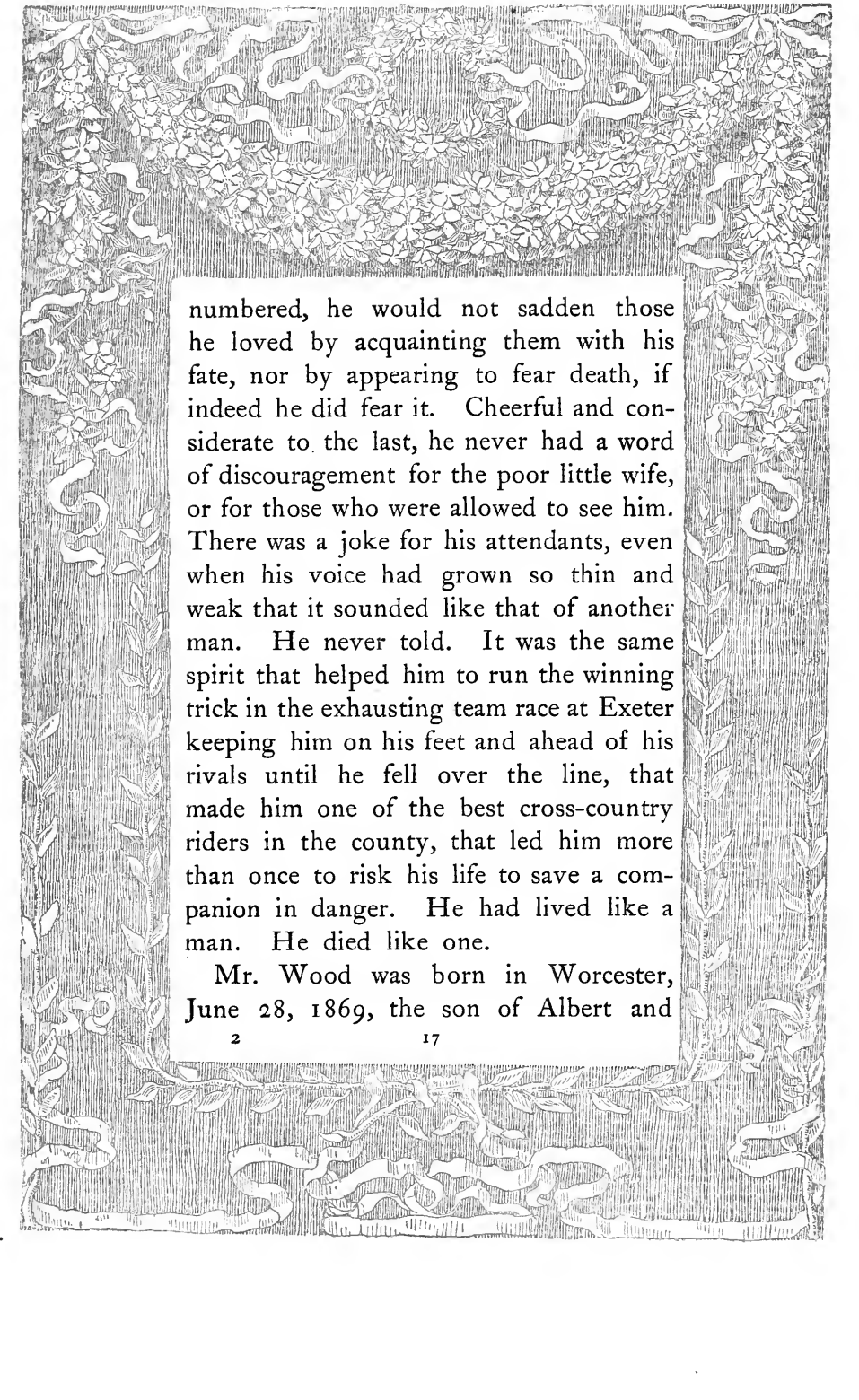
A decorative border of stylized leaves and vines surrounds the text. At the top, a large, dense wreath of leaves and flowers is centered above the text block. The border continues down the sides and bottom, with a smaller floral motif at the bottom center.

WHEN Albert Bowman Wood died, Dec. 9, 1900, the sense of loss in Worcester was as great as has ever been, or ever will be, aroused there by the taking away of a man of his age. He combined a character which assured him the affection of those whom he sought as friends, with a democratic disposition to make a friend of every one, not absolutely unworthy, with whom he came in contact. From the best of that division of society to which his birth and breeding gave him the entry, to the barber who cut his hair, his free and easy good fellowship that gave no sign of undue deference to the one nor hint of condescension to the other, established him in man's favor, and that without exception, save where the circumstances were to his credit. There was reason to like him. An honest, intelligent, energetic, and methodical business man; an enthusiastic and



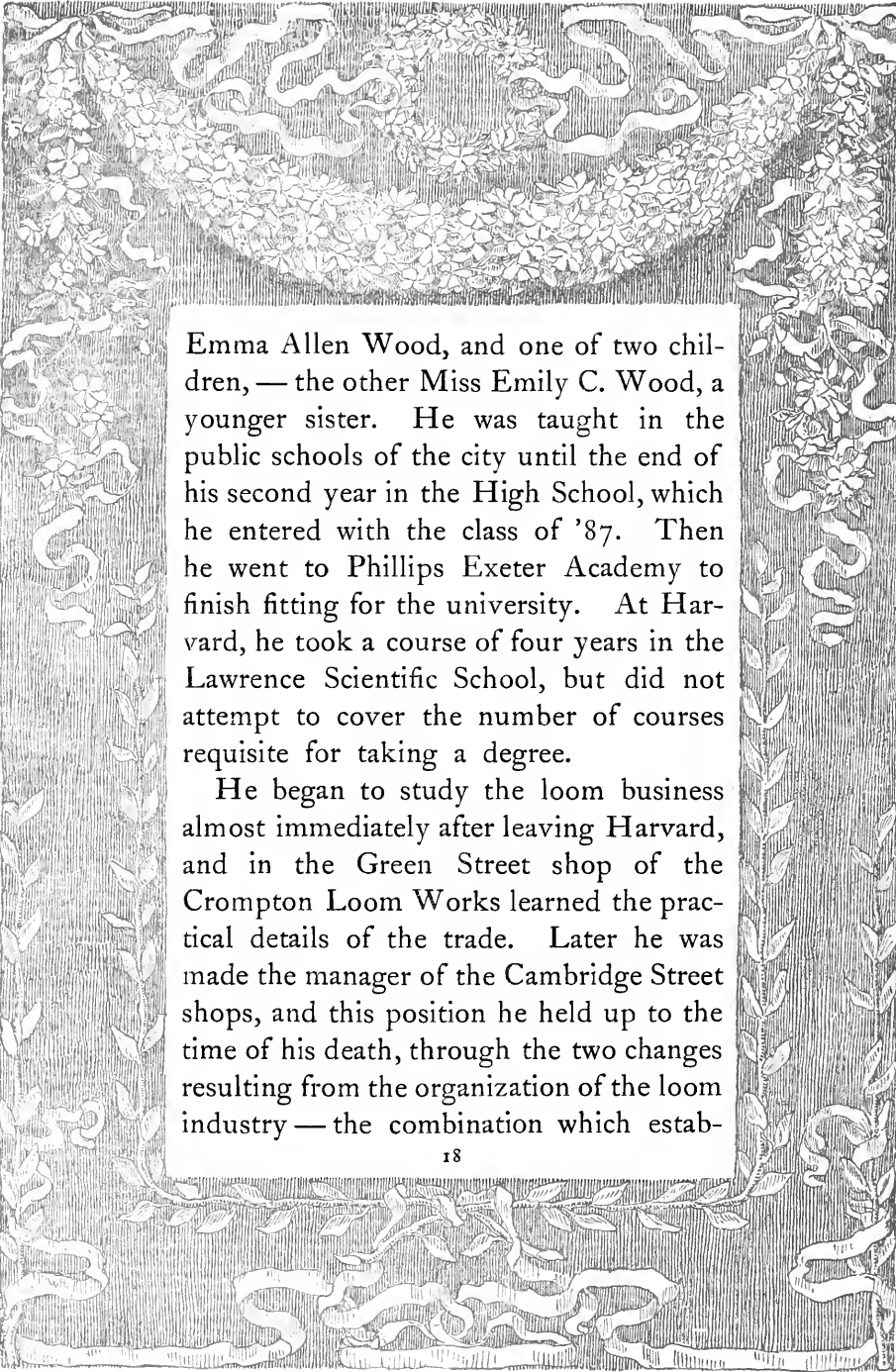
successful athlete and sportsman, game to the core and for fair play always ; a witty and agreeable companion ; a true and generous friend ; a tender and devoted husband — that was Bow Wood. His worst enemy could say no less.

The manner of his death was an example of that splendid courage which had made him ready to face any difficulty in affairs or in the field. Life was sweet to him. The possession of a wife whom he loved dearly, friends in whatever direction he might turn, the means to gratify every reasonable taste and desire, and the happy, youthful spirit that let him appreciate his advantages to the utmost must have magnified the sorrow in the thought that he was to be taken from this world. Yet, though there can be little doubt that he understood for many months the nature of the cruel malady that afflicted him, and, understanding, knew that his days were



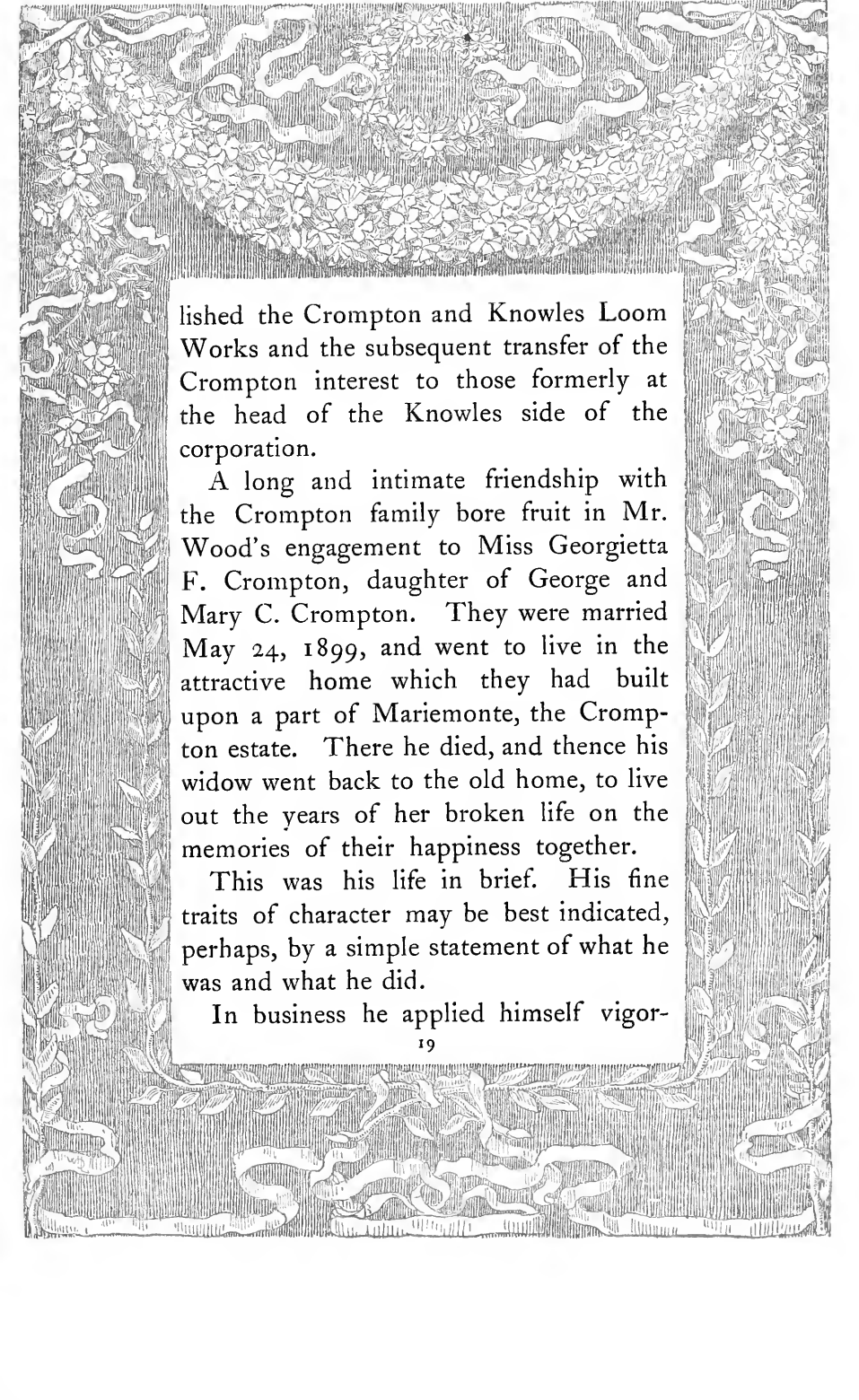
numbered, he would not sadden those he loved by acquainting them with his fate, nor by appearing to fear death, if indeed he did fear it. Cheerful and considerate to the last, he never had a word of discouragement for the poor little wife, or for those who were allowed to see him. There was a joke for his attendants, even when his voice had grown so thin and weak that it sounded like that of another man. He never told. It was the same spirit that helped him to run the winning trick in the exhausting team race at Exeter keeping him on his feet and ahead of his rivals until he fell over the line, that made him one of the best cross-country riders in the county, that led him more than once to risk his life to save a companion in danger. He had lived like a man. He died like one.

Mr. Wood was born in Worcester, June 28, 1869, the son of Albert and



Emma Allen Wood, and one of two children, — the other Miss Emily C. Wood, a younger sister. He was taught in the public schools of the city until the end of his second year in the High School, which he entered with the class of '87. Then he went to Phillips Exeter Academy to finish fitting for the university. At Harvard, he took a course of four years in the Lawrence Scientific School, but did not attempt to cover the number of courses requisite for taking a degree.

He began to study the loom business almost immediately after leaving Harvard, and in the Green Street shop of the Crompton Loom Works learned the practical details of the trade. Later he was made the manager of the Cambridge Street shops, and this position he held up to the time of his death, through the two changes resulting from the organization of the loom industry — the combination which estab-

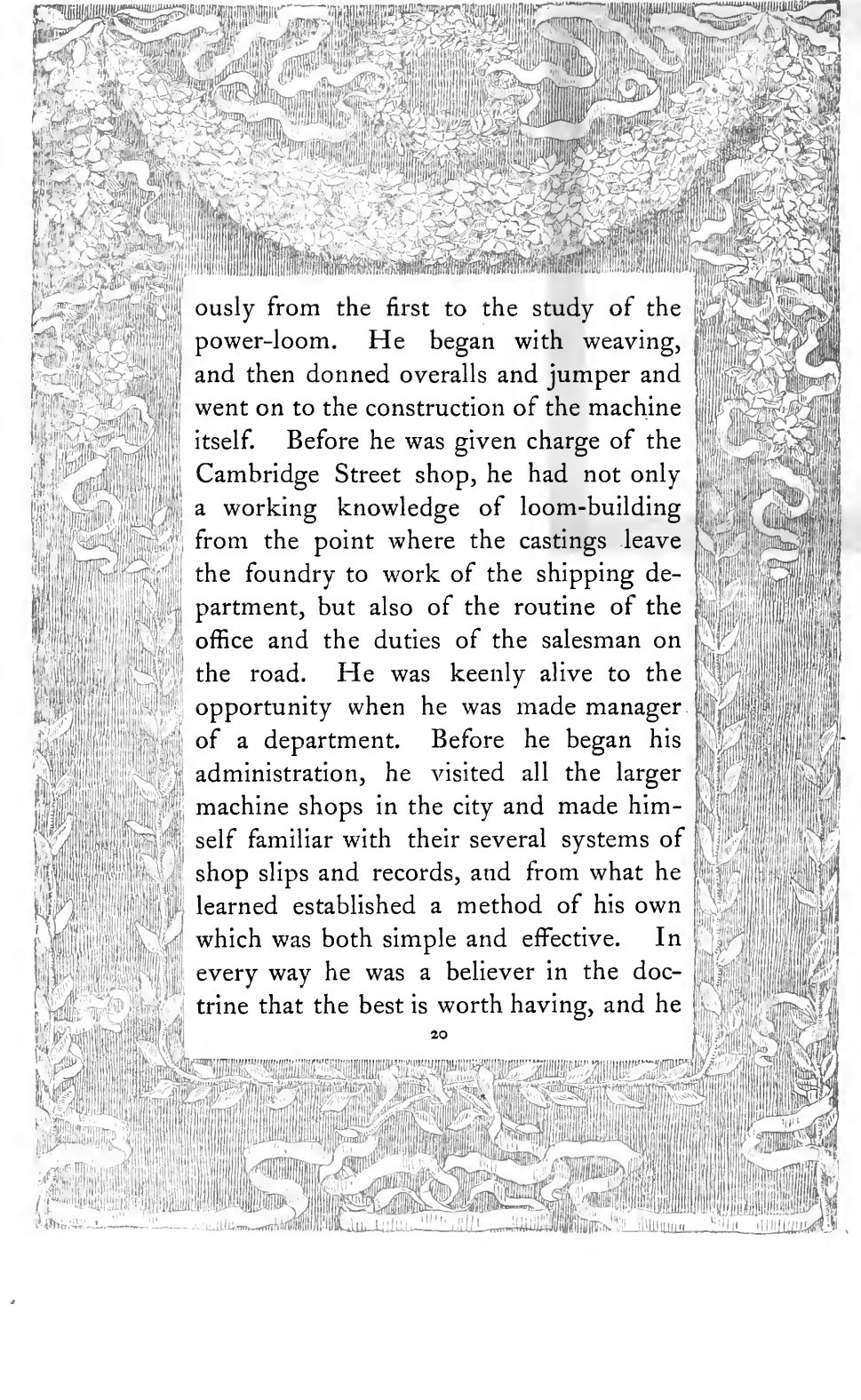


lished the Crompton and Knowles Loom Works and the subsequent transfer of the Crompton interest to those formerly at the head of the Knowles side of the corporation.

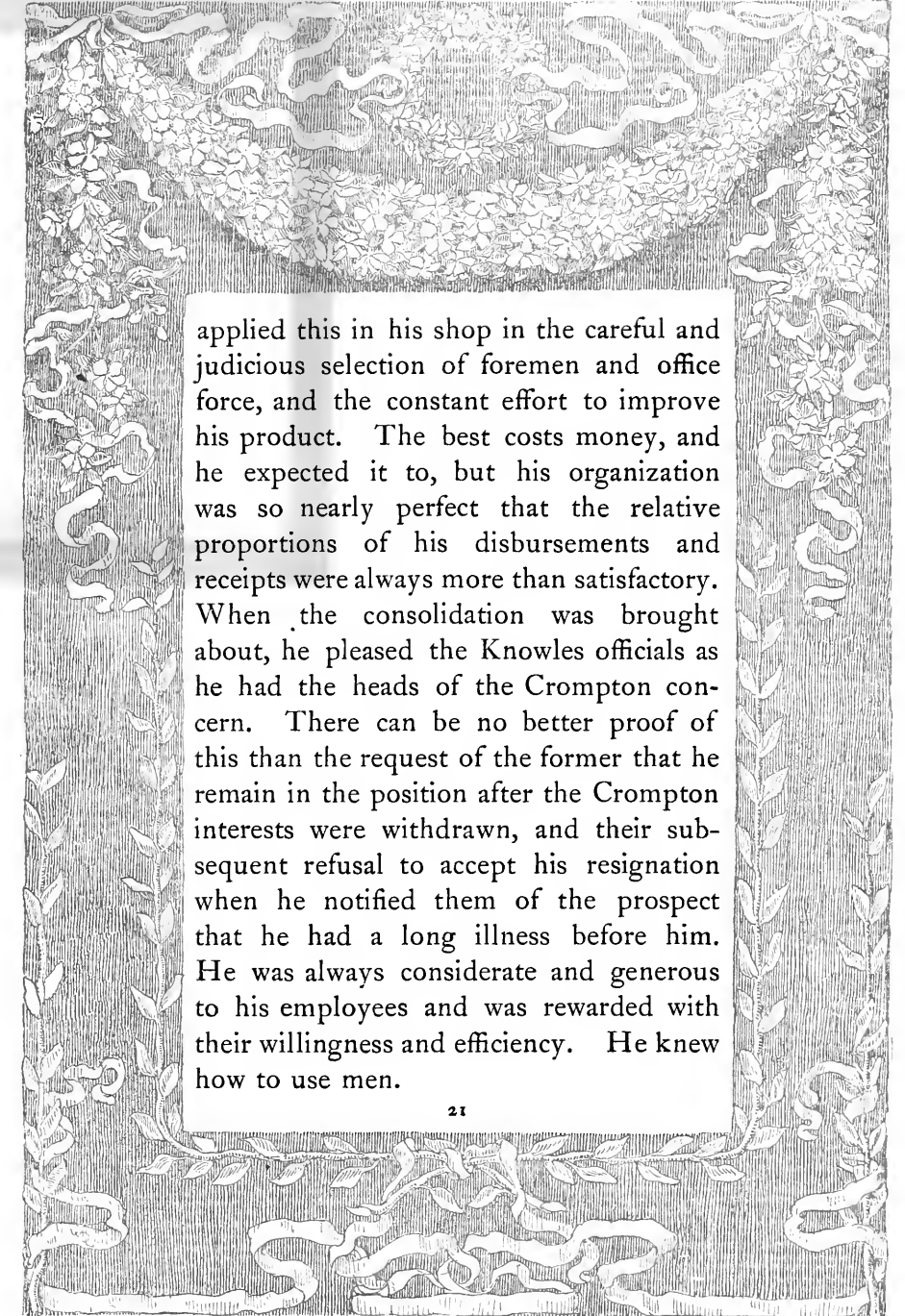
A long and intimate friendship with the Crompton family bore fruit in Mr. Wood's engagement to Miss Georgietta F. Crompton, daughter of George and Mary C. Crompton. They were married May 24, 1899, and went to live in the attractive home which they had built upon a part of Mariemonte, the Crompton estate. There he died, and thence his widow went back to the old home, to live out the years of her broken life on the memories of their happiness together.

This was his life in brief. His fine traits of character may be best indicated, perhaps, by a simple statement of what he was and what he did.

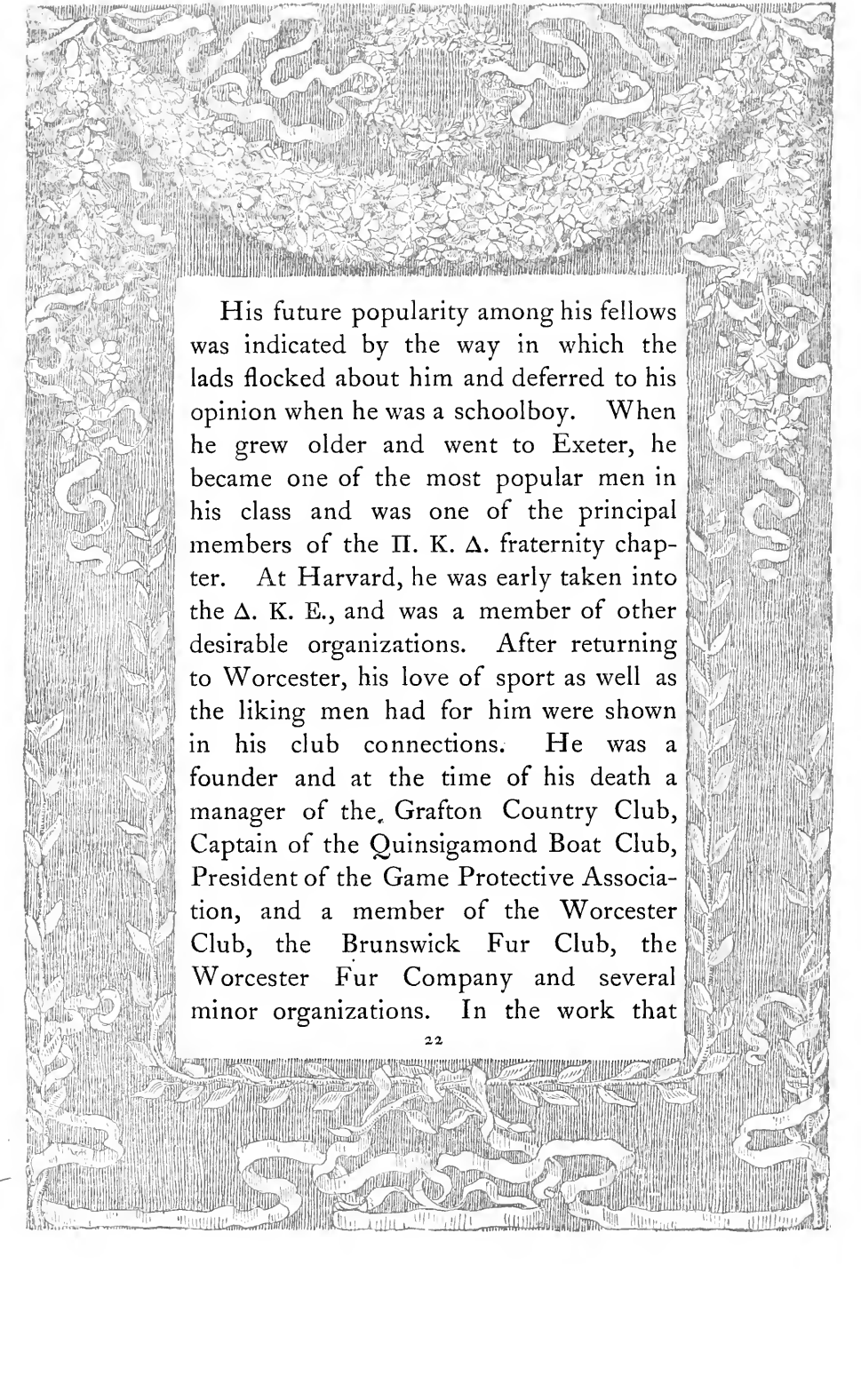
In business he applied himself vigor-



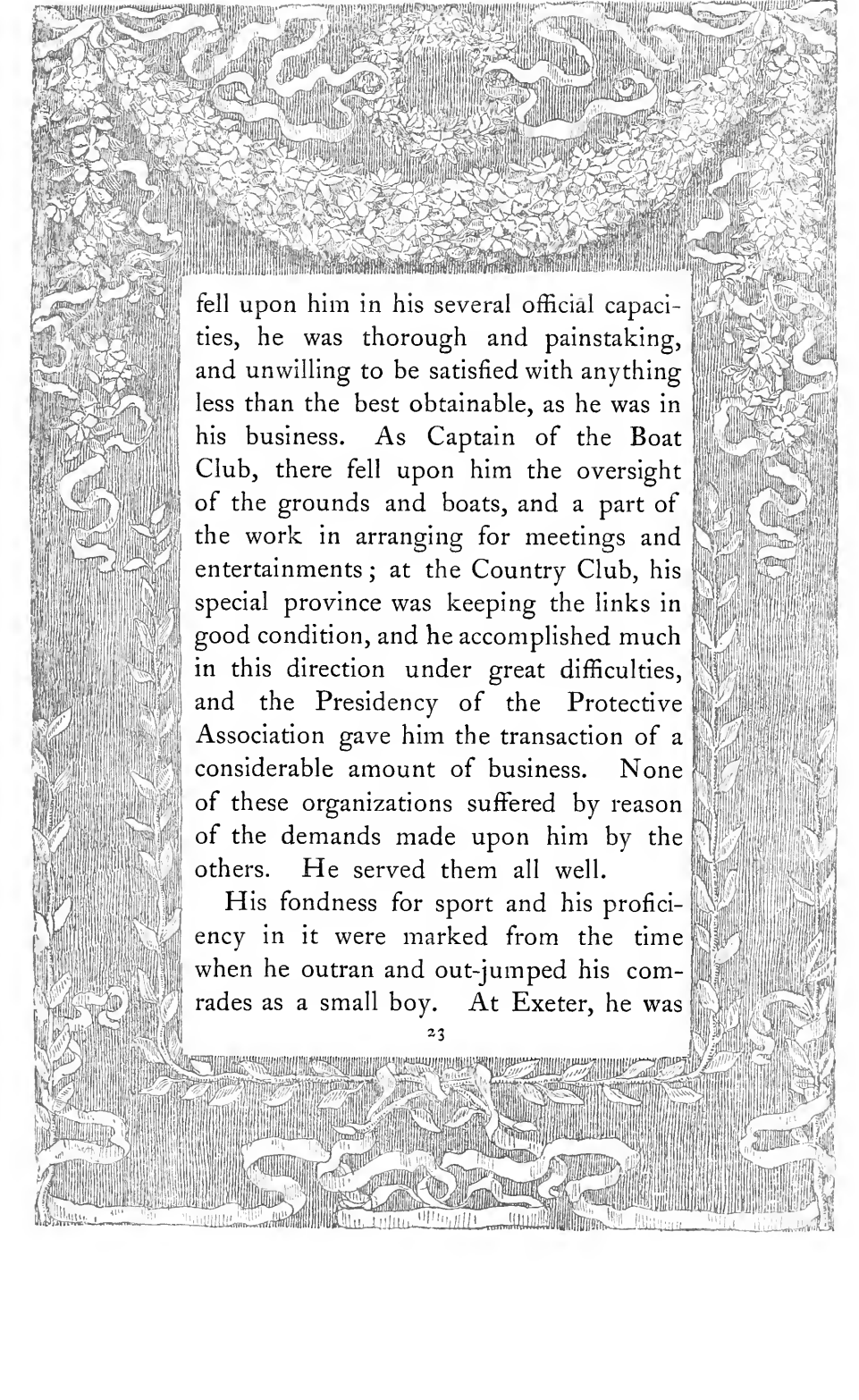
ously from the first to the study of the power-loom. He began with weaving, and then donned overalls and jumper and went on to the construction of the machine itself. Before he was given charge of the Cambridge Street shop, he had not only a working knowledge of loom-building from the point where the castings leave the foundry to work of the shipping department, but also of the routine of the office and the duties of the salesman on the road. He was keenly alive to the opportunity when he was made manager of a department. Before he began his administration, he visited all the larger machine shops in the city and made himself familiar with their several systems of shop slips and records, and from what he learned established a method of his own which was both simple and effective. In every way he was a believer in the doctrine that the best is worth having, and he



applied this in his shop in the careful and judicious selection of foremen and office force, and the constant effort to improve his product. The best costs money, and he expected it to, but his organization was so nearly perfect that the relative proportions of his disbursements and receipts were always more than satisfactory. When the consolidation was brought about, he pleased the Knowles officials as he had the heads of the Crompton concern. There can be no better proof of this than the request of the former that he remain in the position after the Crompton interests were withdrawn, and their subsequent refusal to accept his resignation when he notified them of the prospect that he had a long illness before him. He was always considerate and generous to his employees and was rewarded with their willingness and efficiency. He knew how to use men.

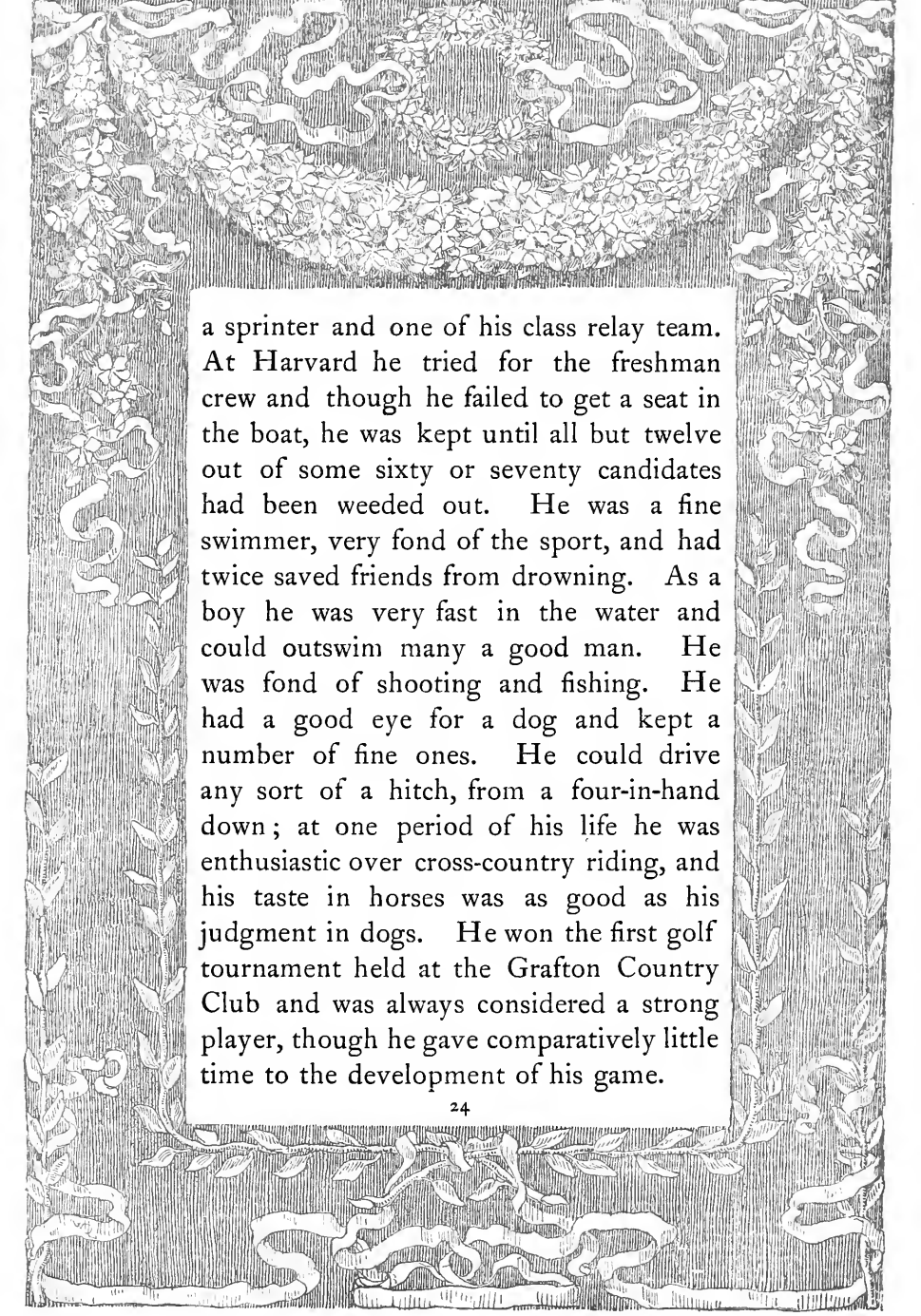
A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern surrounds the text. At the top, there is a large, circular wreath-like motif. The border continues down the sides and bottom, featuring stylized leaves and flowers.

His future popularity among his fellows was indicated by the way in which the lads flocked about him and deferred to his opinion when he was a schoolboy. When he grew older and went to Exeter, he became one of the most popular men in his class and was one of the principal members of the II. K. Δ. fraternity chapter. At Harvard, he was early taken into the Δ. K. E., and was a member of other desirable organizations. After returning to Worcester, his love of sport as well as the liking men had for him were shown in his club connections. He was a founder and at the time of his death a manager of the Grafton Country Club, Captain of the Quinsigamond Boat Club, President of the Game Protective Association, and a member of the Worcester Club, the Brunswick Fur Club, the Worcester Fur Company and several minor organizations. In the work that

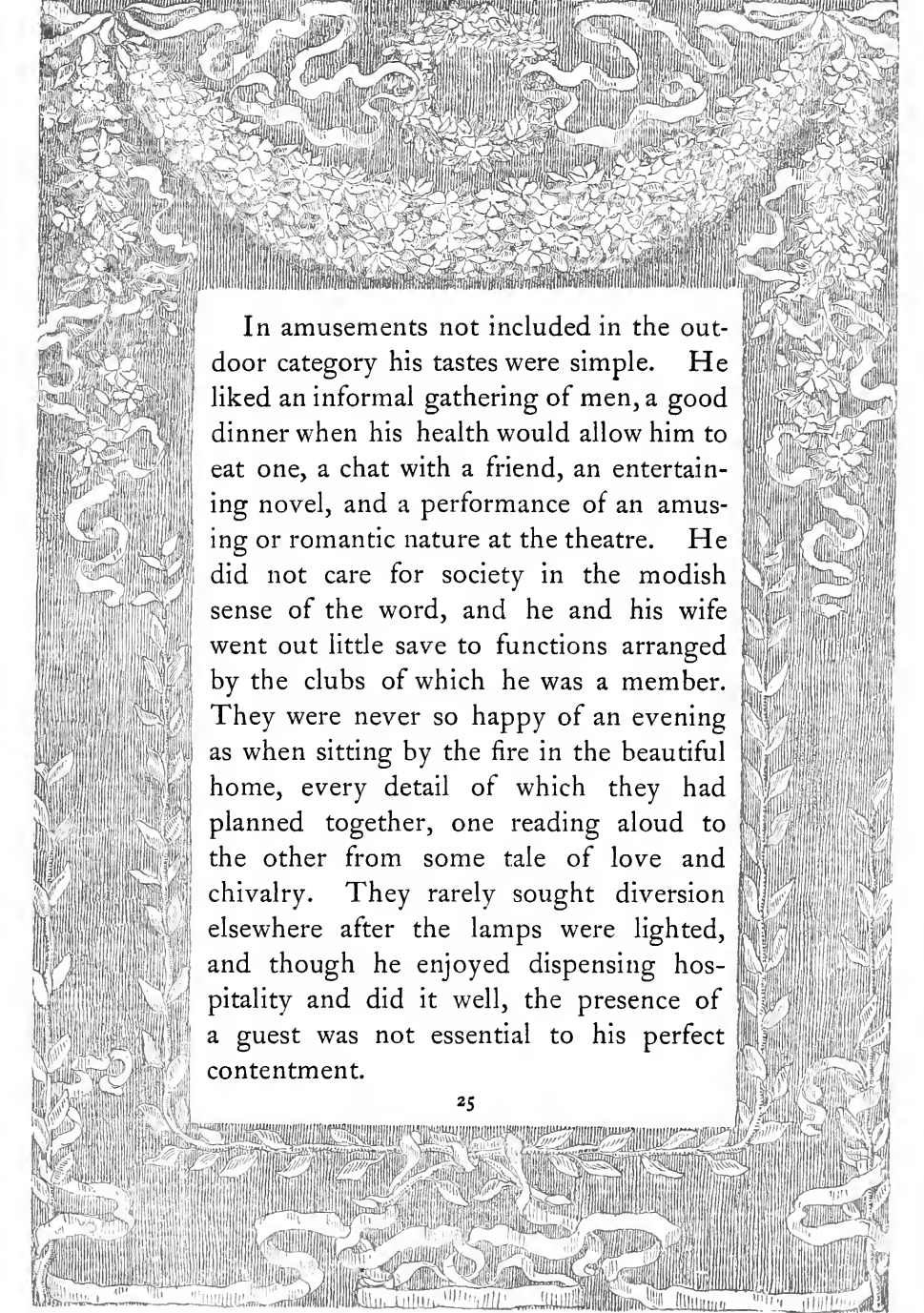


fell upon him in his several official capacities, he was thorough and painstaking, and unwilling to be satisfied with anything less than the best obtainable, as he was in his business. As Captain of the Boat Club, there fell upon him the oversight of the grounds and boats, and a part of the work in arranging for meetings and entertainments; at the Country Club, his special province was keeping the links in good condition, and he accomplished much in this direction under great difficulties, and the Presidency of the Protective Association gave him the transaction of a considerable amount of business. None of these organizations suffered by reason of the demands made upon him by the others. He served them all well.

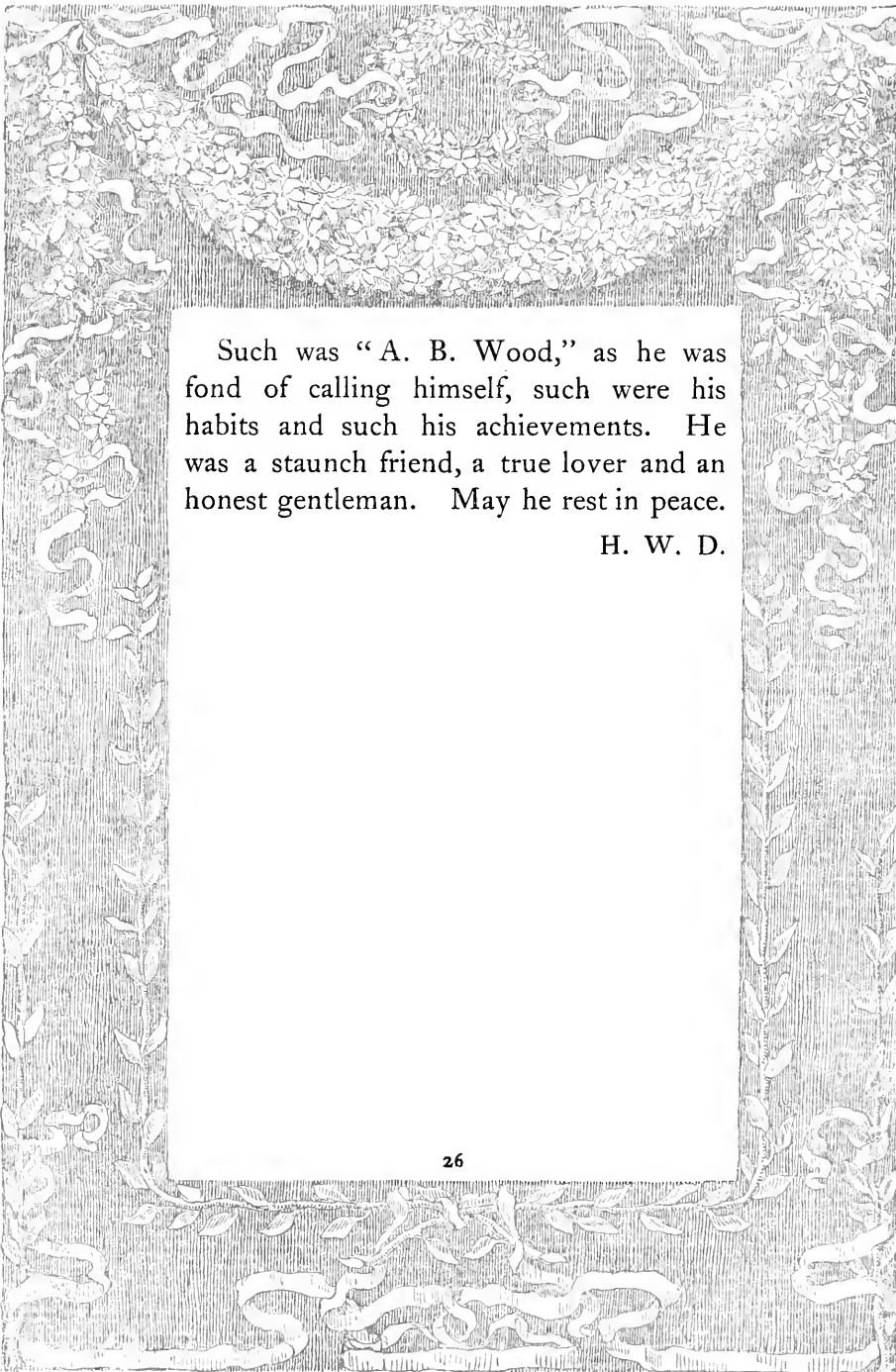
His fondness for sport and his proficiency in it were marked from the time when he outran and out-jumped his comrades as a small boy. At Exeter, he was



a sprinter and one of his class relay team. At Harvard he tried for the freshman crew and though he failed to get a seat in the boat, he was kept until all but twelve out of some sixty or seventy candidates had been weeded out. He was a fine swimmer, very fond of the sport, and had twice saved friends from drowning. As a boy he was very fast in the water and could outswim many a good man. He was fond of shooting and fishing. He had a good eye for a dog and kept a number of fine ones. He could drive any sort of a hitch, from a four-in-hand down; at one period of his life he was enthusiastic over cross-country riding, and his taste in horses was as good as his judgment in dogs. He won the first golf tournament held at the Grafton Country Club and was always considered a strong player, though he gave comparatively little time to the development of his game.



In amusements not included in the outdoor category his tastes were simple. He liked an informal gathering of men, a good dinner when his health would allow him to eat one, a chat with a friend, an entertaining novel, and a performance of an amusing or romantic nature at the theatre. He did not care for society in the modish sense of the word, and he and his wife went out little save to functions arranged by the clubs of which he was a member. They were never so happy of an evening as when sitting by the fire in the beautiful home, every detail of which they had planned together, one reading aloud to the other from some tale of love and chivalry. They rarely sought diversion elsewhere after the lamps were lighted, and though he enjoyed dispensing hospitality and did it well, the presence of a guest was not essential to his perfect contentment.

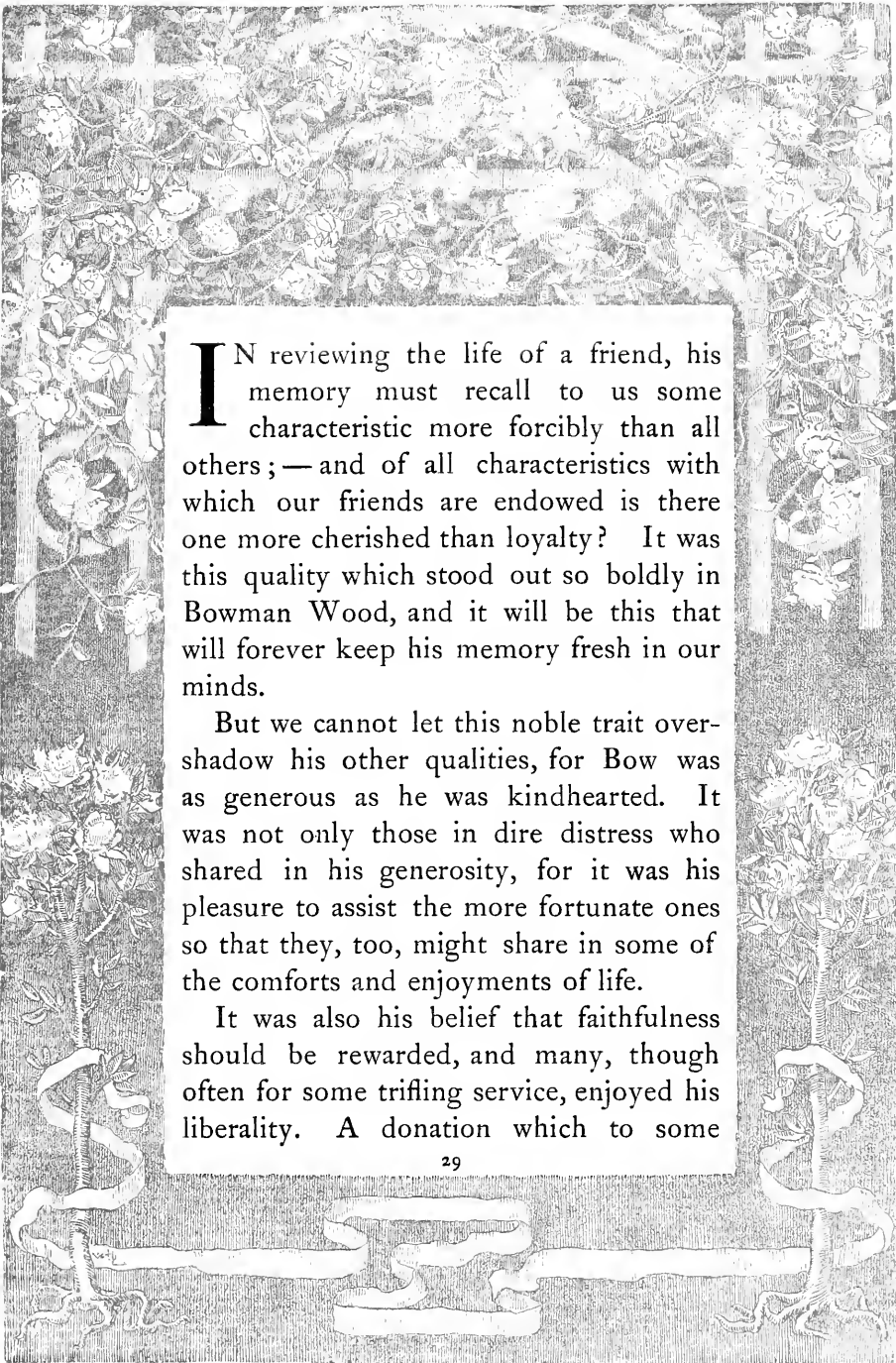


Such was "A. B. Wood," as he was fond of calling himself, such were his habits and such his achievements. He was a staunch friend, a true lover and an honest gentleman. May he rest in peace.

H. W. D.



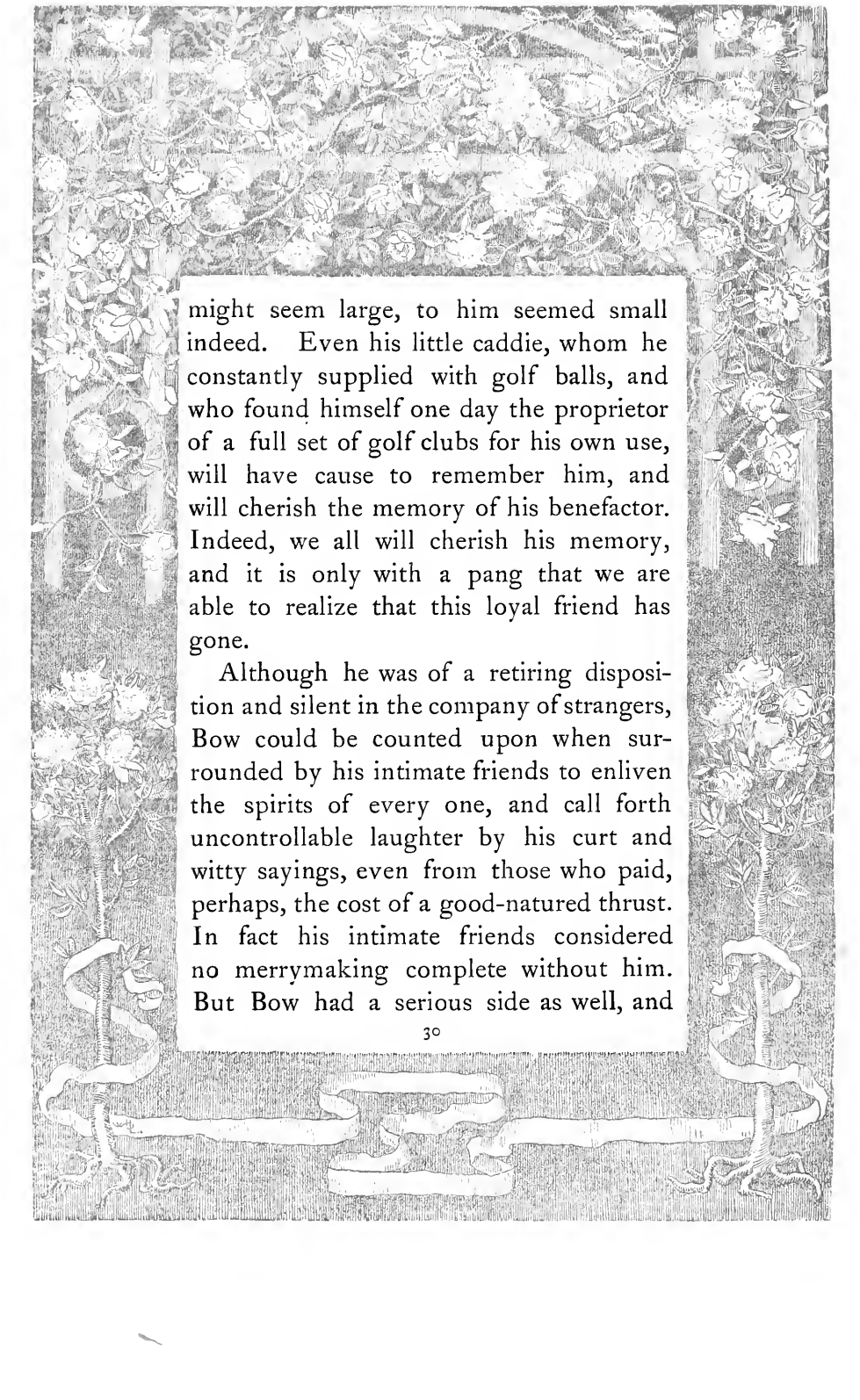




IN reviewing the life of a friend, his memory must recall to us some characteristic more forcibly than all others;—and of all characteristics with which our friends are endowed is there one more cherished than loyalty? It was this quality which stood out so boldly in Bowman Wood, and it will be this that will forever keep his memory fresh in our minds.

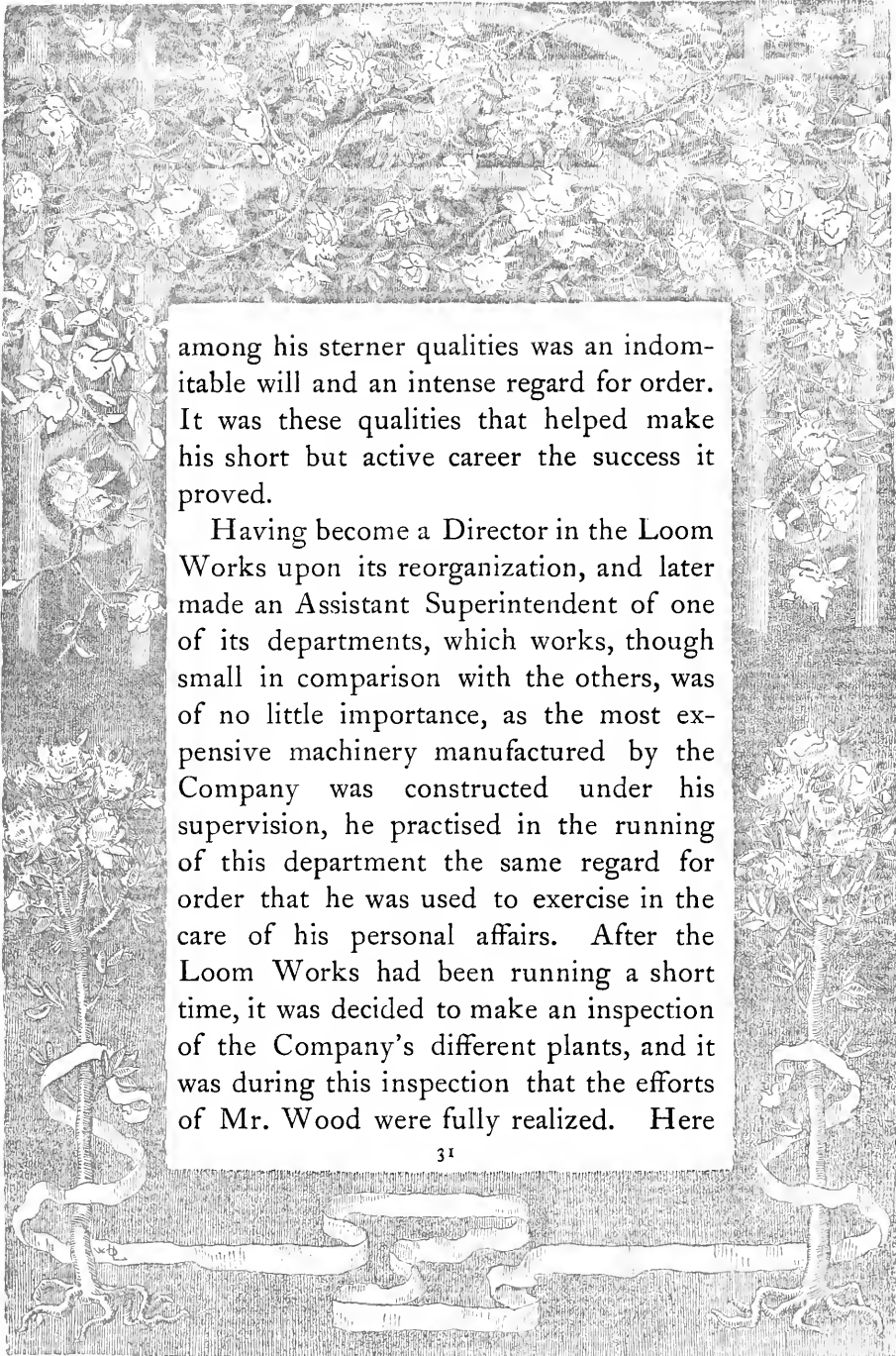
But we cannot let this noble trait overshadow his other qualities, for Bow was as generous as he was kindhearted. It was not only those in dire distress who shared in his generosity, for it was his pleasure to assist the more fortunate ones so that they, too, might share in some of the comforts and enjoyments of life.

It was also his belief that faithfulness should be rewarded, and many, though often for some trifling service, enjoyed his liberality. A donation which to some



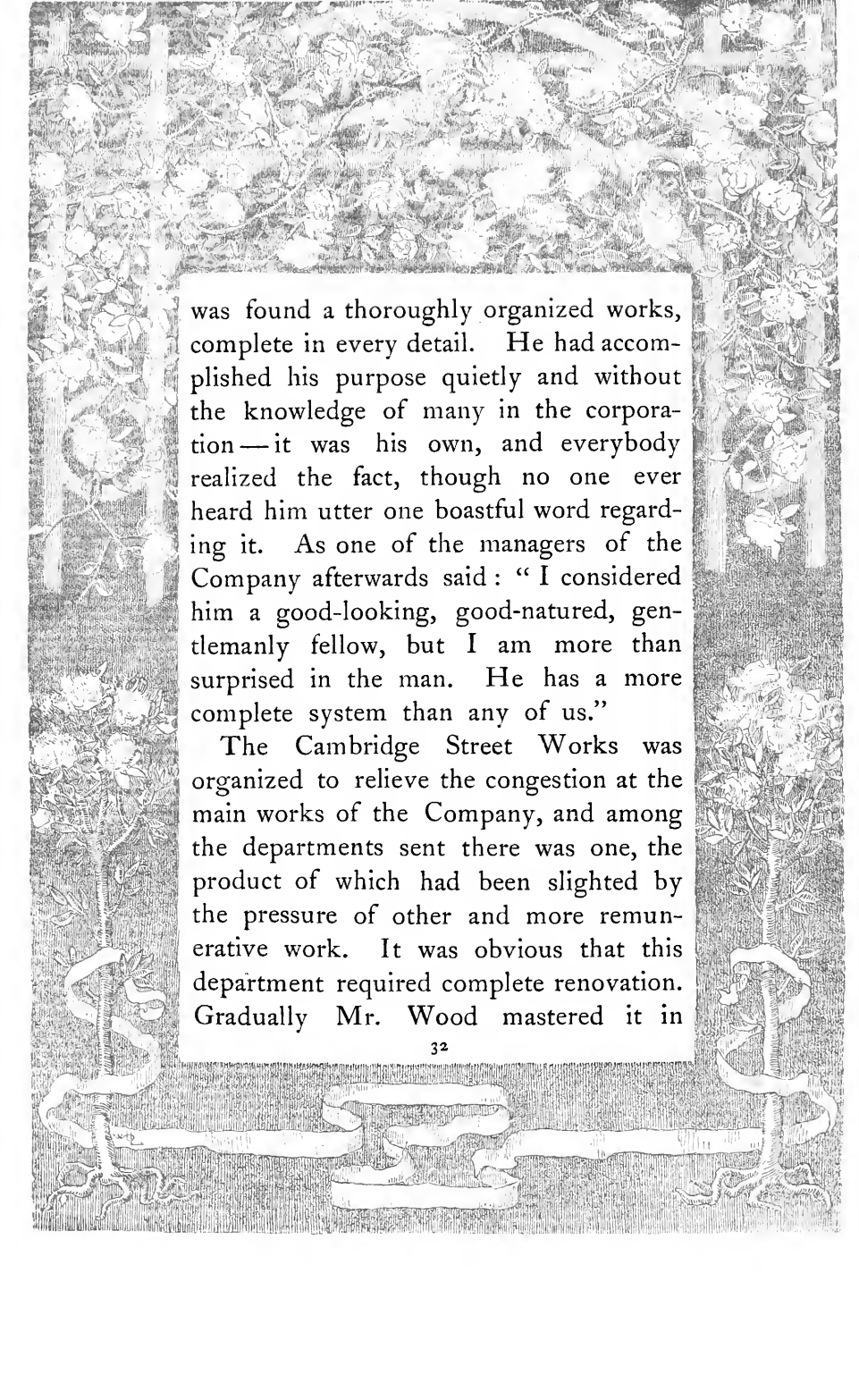
might seem large, to him seemed small indeed. Even his little caddie, whom he constantly supplied with golf balls, and who found himself one day the proprietor of a full set of golf clubs for his own use, will have cause to remember him, and will cherish the memory of his benefactor. Indeed, we all will cherish his memory, and it is only with a pang that we are able to realize that this loyal friend has gone.

Although he was of a retiring disposition and silent in the company of strangers, Bow could be counted upon when surrounded by his intimate friends to enliven the spirits of every one, and call forth uncontrollable laughter by his curt and witty sayings, even from those who paid, perhaps, the cost of a good-natured thrust. In fact his intimate friends considered no merrymaking complete without him. But Bow had a serious side as well, and



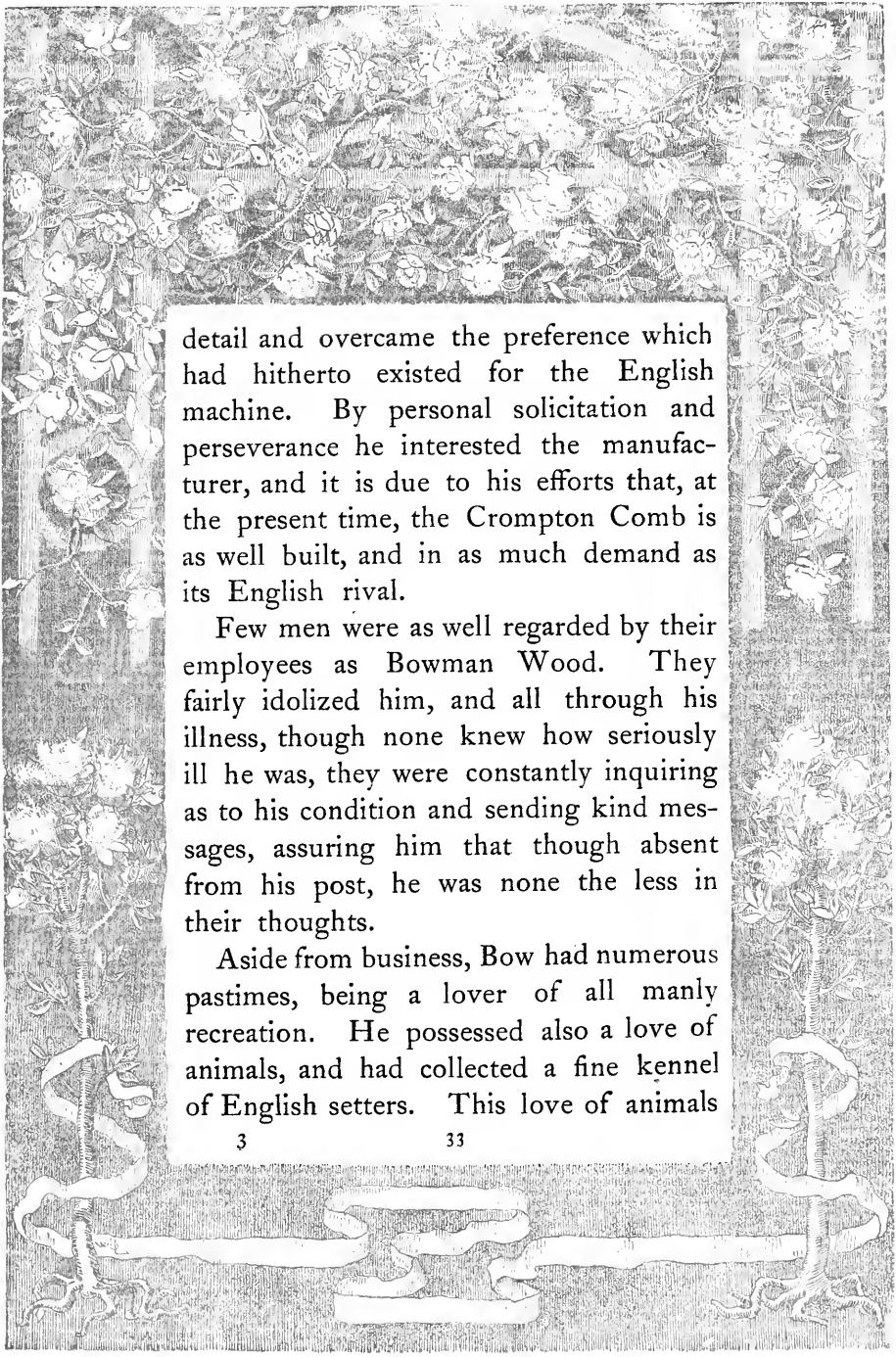
among his sterner qualities was an indomitable will and an intense regard for order. It was these qualities that helped make his short but active career the success it proved.

Having become a Director in the Loom Works upon its reorganization, and later made an Assistant Superintendent of one of its departments, which works, though small in comparison with the others, was of no little importance, as the most expensive machinery manufactured by the Company was constructed under his supervision, he practised in the running of this department the same regard for order that he was used to exercise in the care of his personal affairs. After the Loom Works had been running a short time, it was decided to make an inspection of the Company's different plants, and it was during this inspection that the efforts of Mr. Wood were fully realized. Here



was found a thoroughly organized works, complete in every detail. He had accomplished his purpose quietly and without the knowledge of many in the corporation—it was his own, and everybody realized the fact, though no one ever heard him utter one boastful word regarding it. As one of the managers of the Company afterwards said: "I considered him a good-looking, good-natured, gentlemanly fellow, but I am more than surprised in the man. He has a more complete system than any of us."

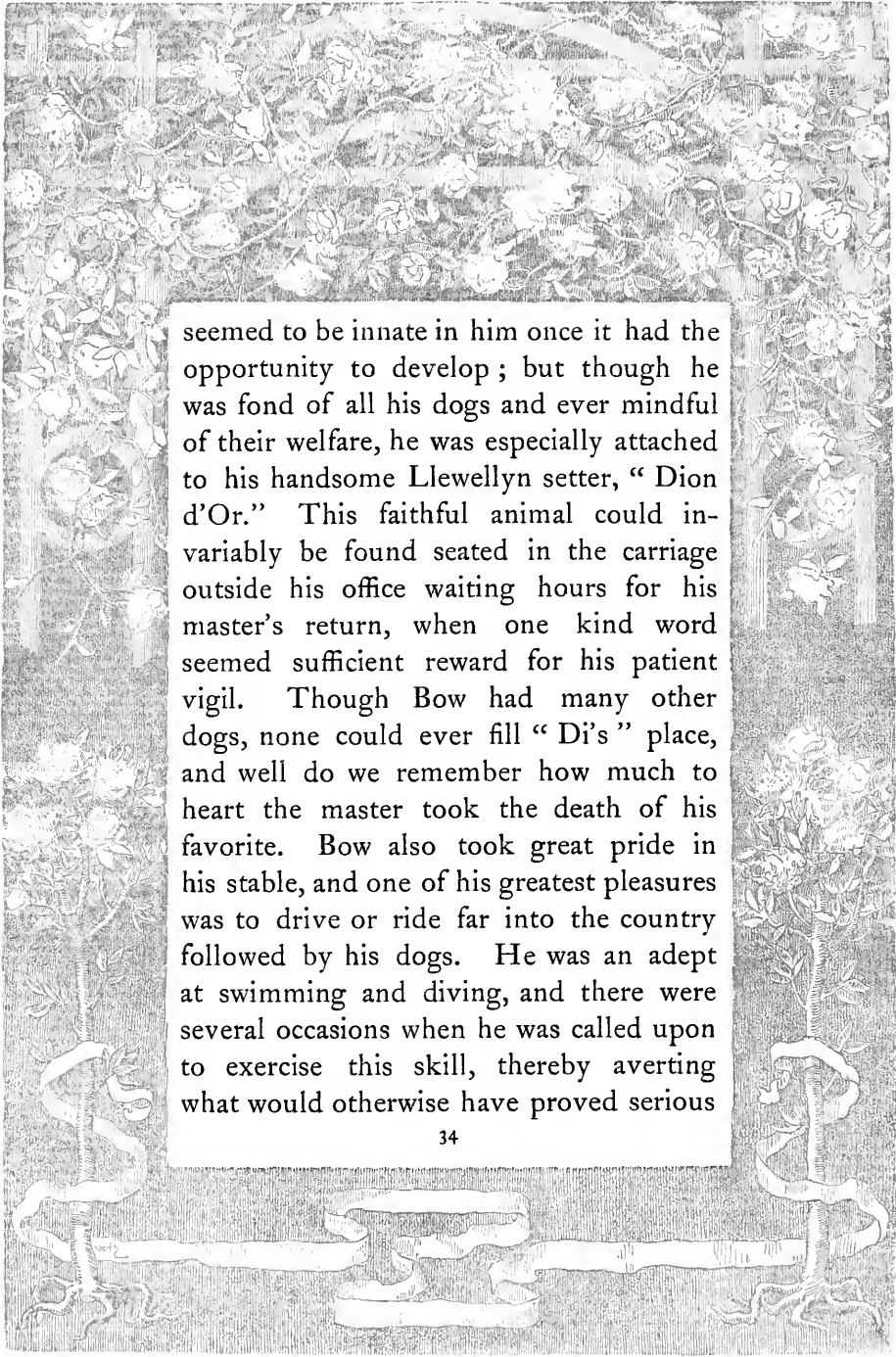
The Cambridge Street Works was organized to relieve the congestion at the main works of the Company, and among the departments sent there was one, the product of which had been slighted by the pressure of other and more remunerative work. It was obvious that this department required complete renovation. Gradually Mr. Wood mastered it in



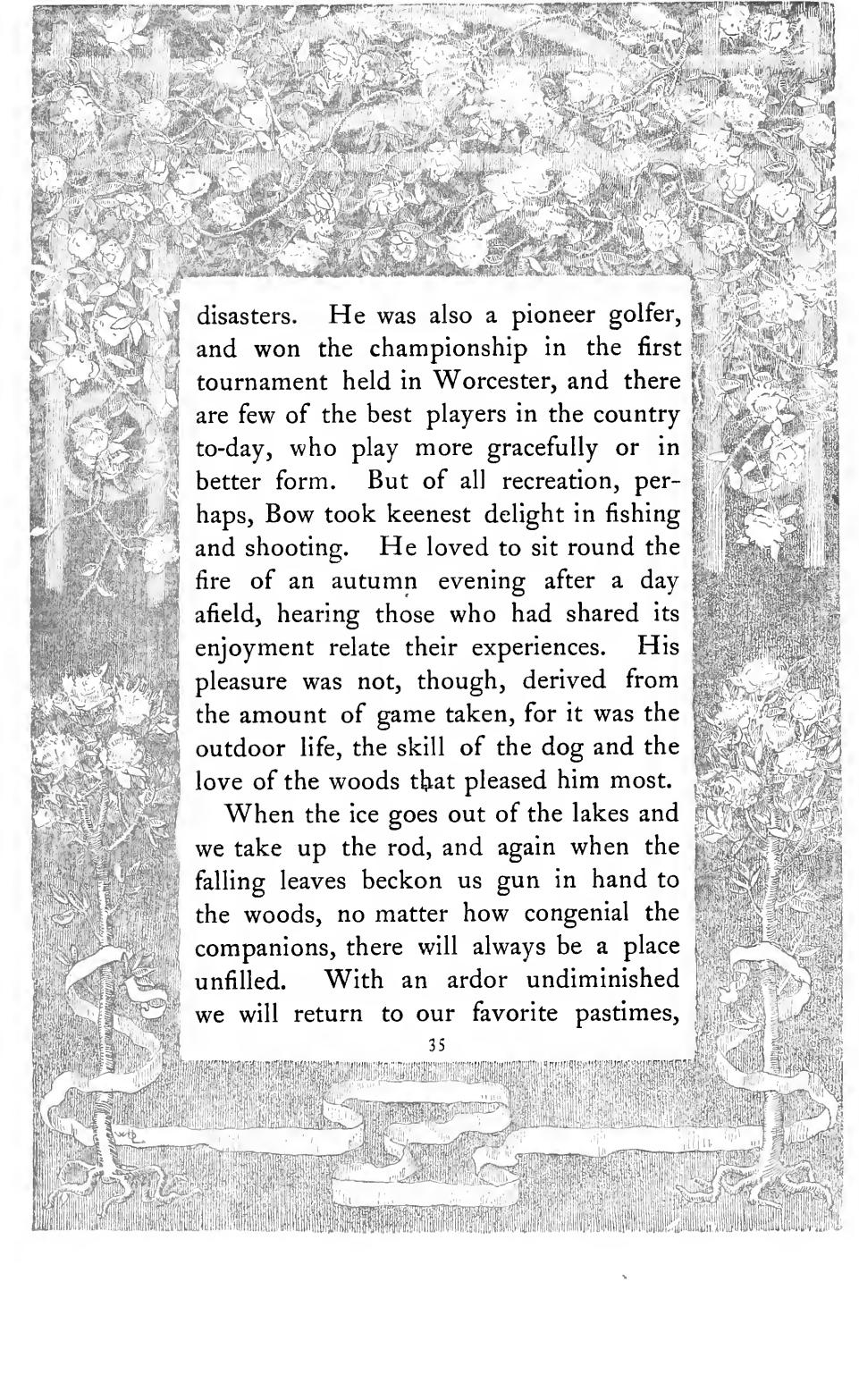
detail and overcame the preference which had hitherto existed for the English machine. By personal solicitation and perseverance he interested the manufacturer, and it is due to his efforts that, at the present time, the Crompton Comb is as well built, and in as much demand as its English rival.

Few men were as well regarded by their employees as Bowman Wood. They fairly idolized him, and all through his illness, though none knew how seriously ill he was, they were constantly inquiring as to his condition and sending kind messages, assuring him that though absent from his post, he was none the less in their thoughts.

Aside from business, Bow had numerous pastimes, being a lover of all manly recreation. He possessed also a love of animals, and had collected a fine kennel of English setters. This love of animals

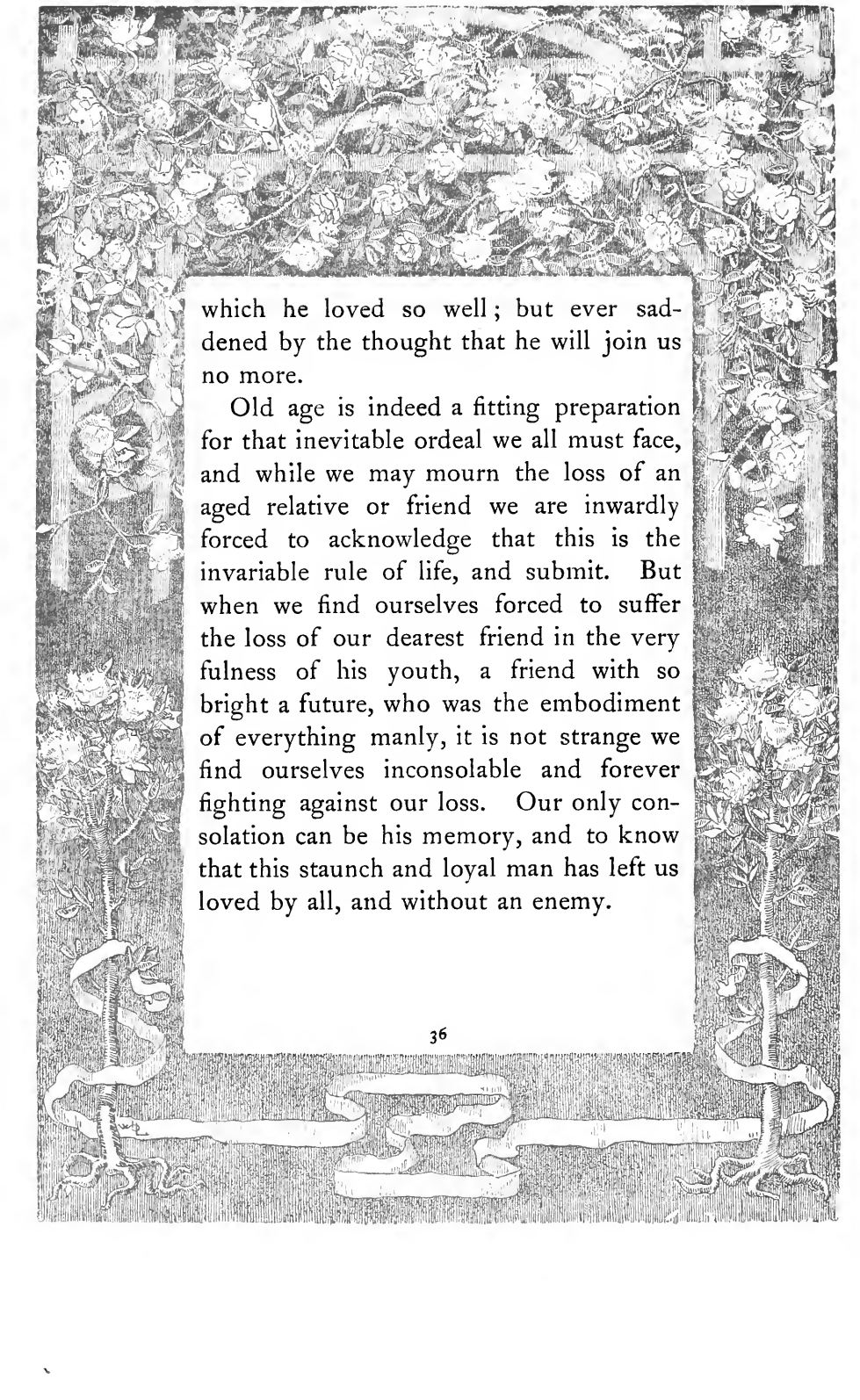


seemed to be innate in him once it had the opportunity to develop ; but though he was fond of all his dogs and ever mindful of their welfare, he was especially attached to his handsome Llewellyn setter, " Dion d'Or." This faithful animal could invariably be found seated in the carriage outside his office waiting hours for his master's return, when one kind word seemed sufficient reward for his patient vigil. Though Bow had many other dogs, none could ever fill " Di's " place, and well do we remember how much to heart the master took the death of his favorite. Bow also took great pride in his stable, and one of his greatest pleasures was to drive or ride far into the country followed by his dogs. He was an adept at swimming and diving, and there were several occasions when he was called upon to exercise this skill, thereby averting what would otherwise have proved serious



disasters. He was also a pioneer golfer, and won the championship in the first tournament held in Worcester, and there are few of the best players in the country to-day, who play more gracefully or in better form. But of all recreation, perhaps, Bow took keenest delight in fishing and shooting. He loved to sit round the fire of an autumn evening after a day afield, hearing those who had shared its enjoyment relate their experiences. His pleasure was not, though, derived from the amount of game taken, for it was the outdoor life, the skill of the dog and the love of the woods that pleased him most.

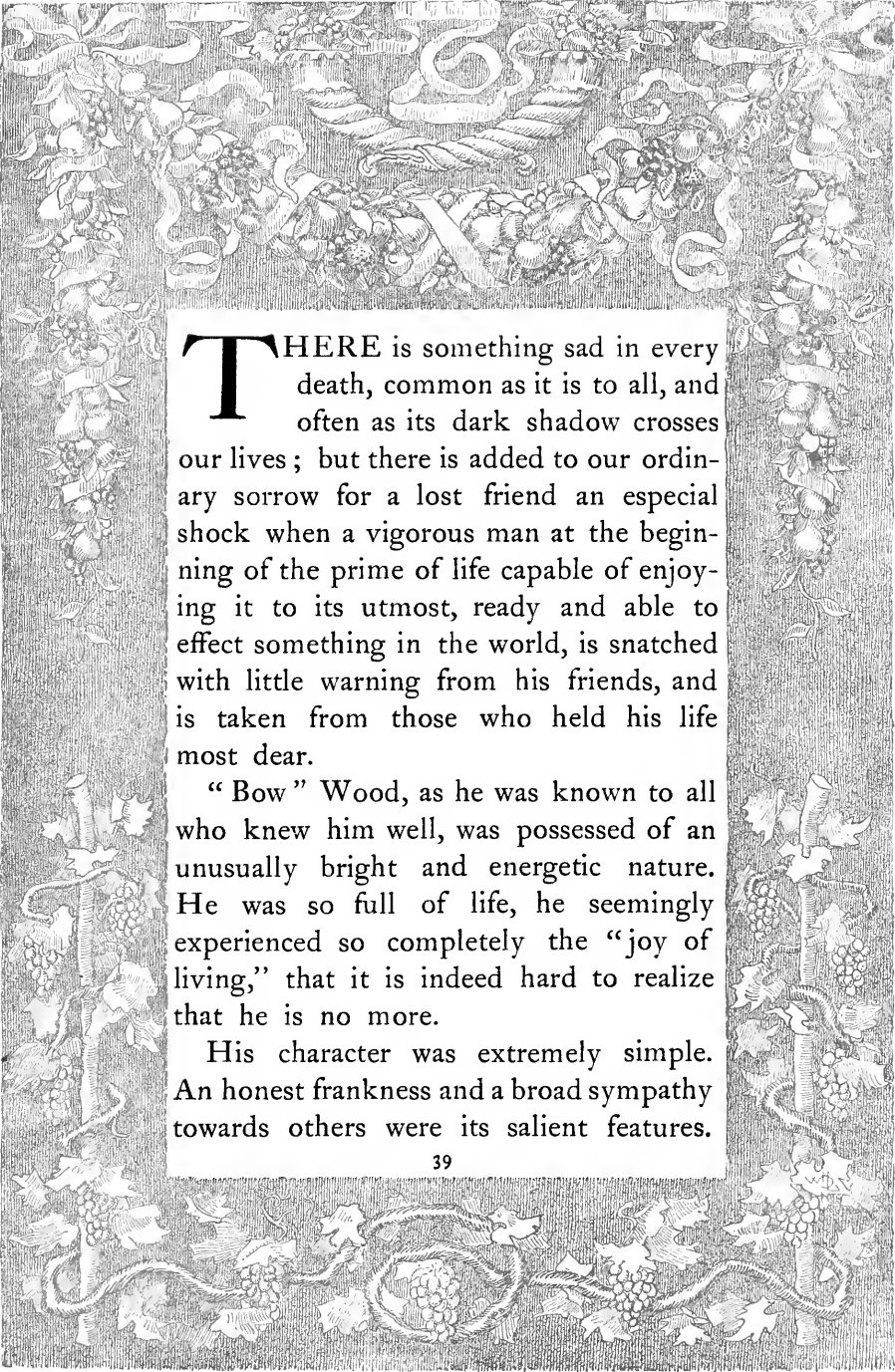
When the ice goes out of the lakes and we take up the rod, and again when the falling leaves beckon us gun in hand to the woods, no matter how congenial the companions, there will always be a place unfilled. With an ardor undiminished we will return to our favorite pastimes,



which he loved so well ; but ever saddened by the thought that he will join us no more.

Old age is indeed a fitting preparation for that inevitable ordeal we all must face, and while we may mourn the loss of an aged relative or friend we are inwardly forced to acknowledge that this is the invariable rule of life, and submit. But when we find ourselves forced to suffer the loss of our dearest friend in the very fulness of his youth, a friend with so bright a future, who was the embodiment of everything manly, it is not strange we find ourselves inconsolable and forever fighting against our loss. Our only consolation can be his memory, and to know that this staunch and loyal man has left us loved by all, and without an enemy.

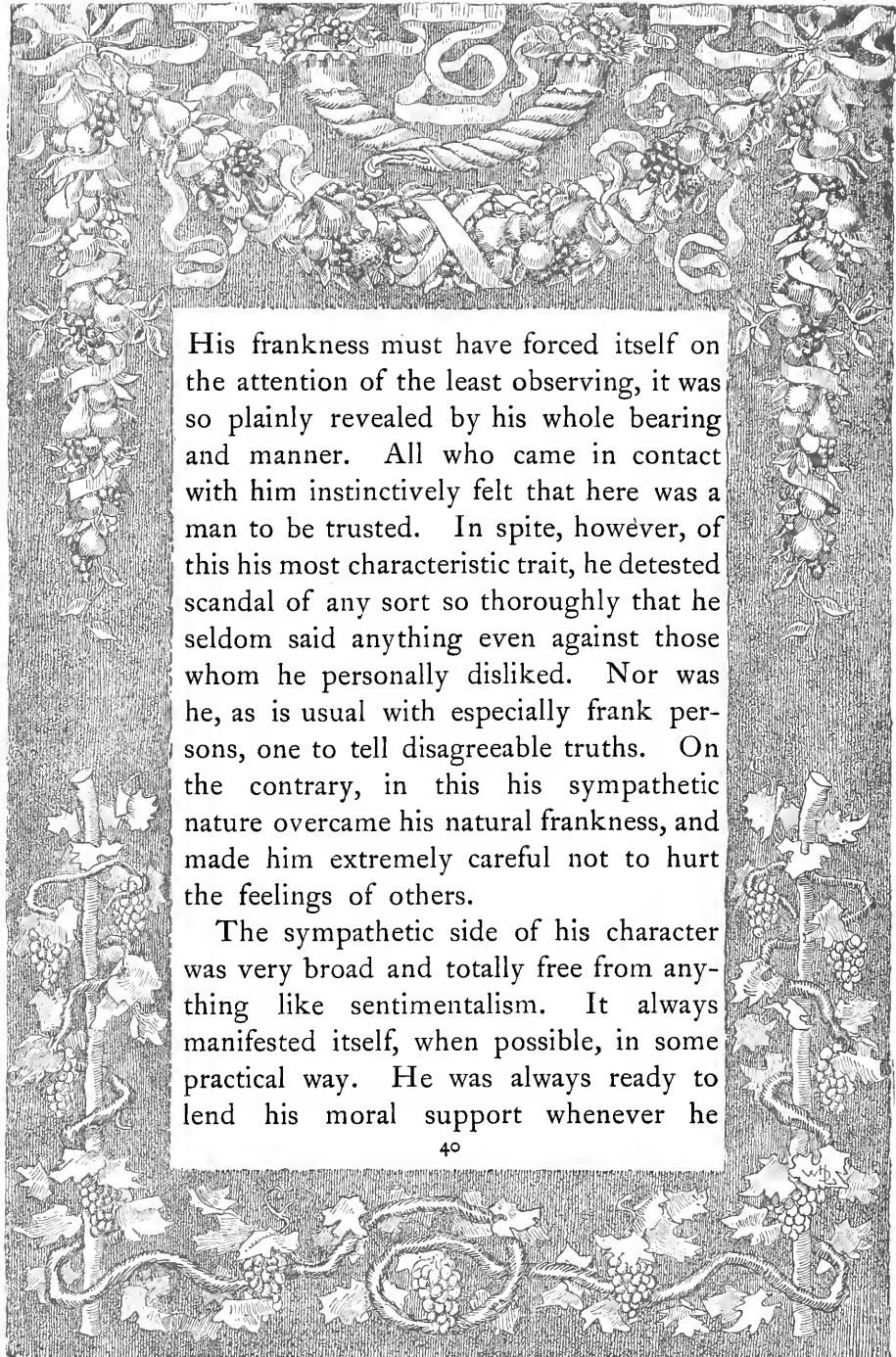




THERE is something sad in every death, common as it is to all, and often as its dark shadow crosses our lives ; but there is added to our ordinary sorrow for a lost friend an especial shock when a vigorous man at the beginning of the prime of life capable of enjoying it to its utmost, ready and able to effect something in the world, is snatched with little warning from his friends, and is taken from those who held his life most dear.

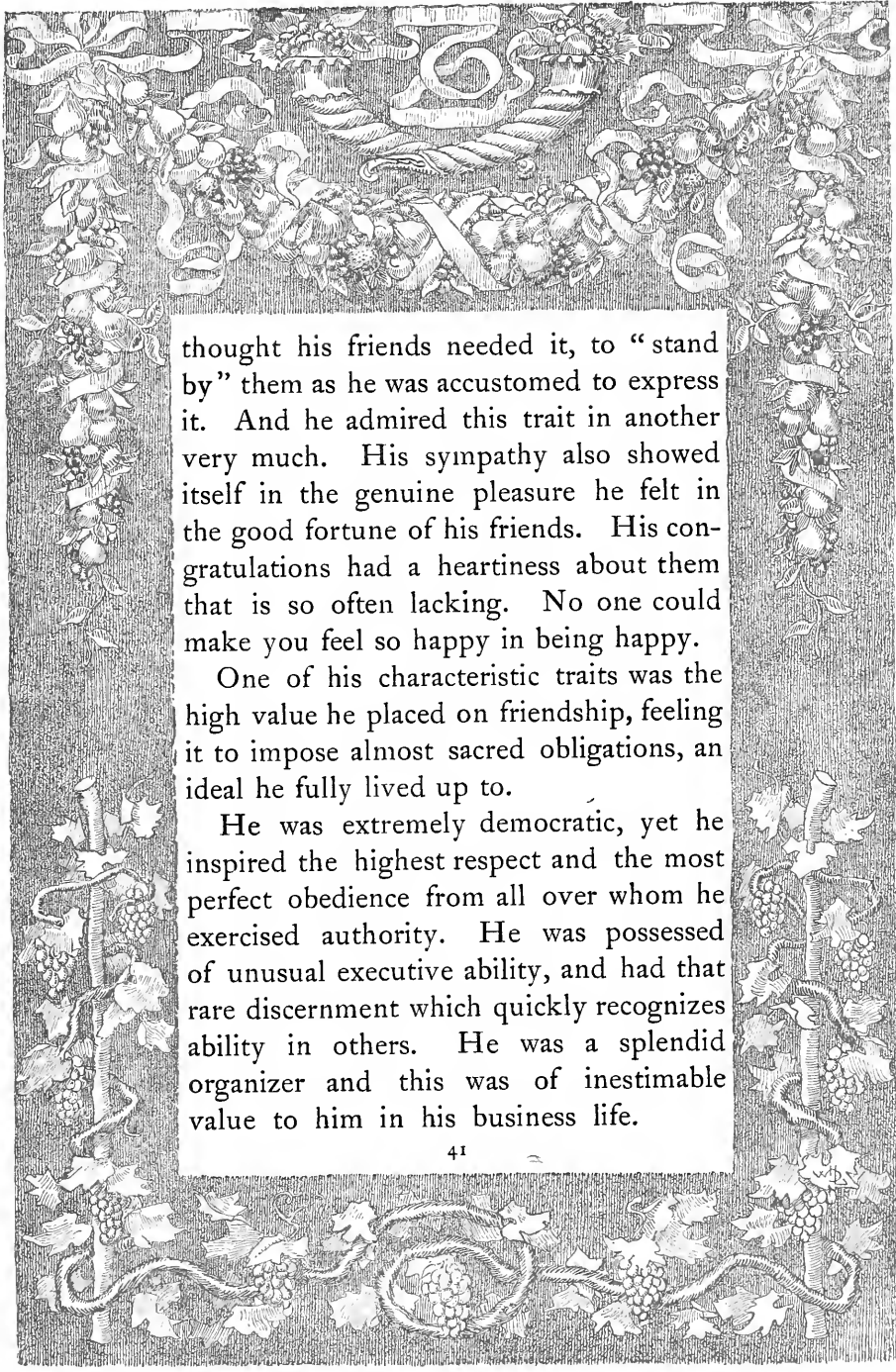
“Bow” Wood, as he was known to all who knew him well, was possessed of an unusually bright and energetic nature. He was so full of life, he seemingly experienced so completely the “joy of living,” that it is indeed hard to realize that he is no more.

His character was extremely simple. An honest frankness and a broad sympathy towards others were its salient features.



His frankness must have forced itself on the attention of the least observing, it was so plainly revealed by his whole bearing and manner. All who came in contact with him instinctively felt that here was a man to be trusted. In spite, however, of this his most characteristic trait, he detested scandal of any sort so thoroughly that he seldom said anything even against those whom he personally disliked. Nor was he, as is usual with especially frank persons, one to tell disagreeable truths. On the contrary, in this his sympathetic nature overcame his natural frankness, and made him extremely careful not to hurt the feelings of others.

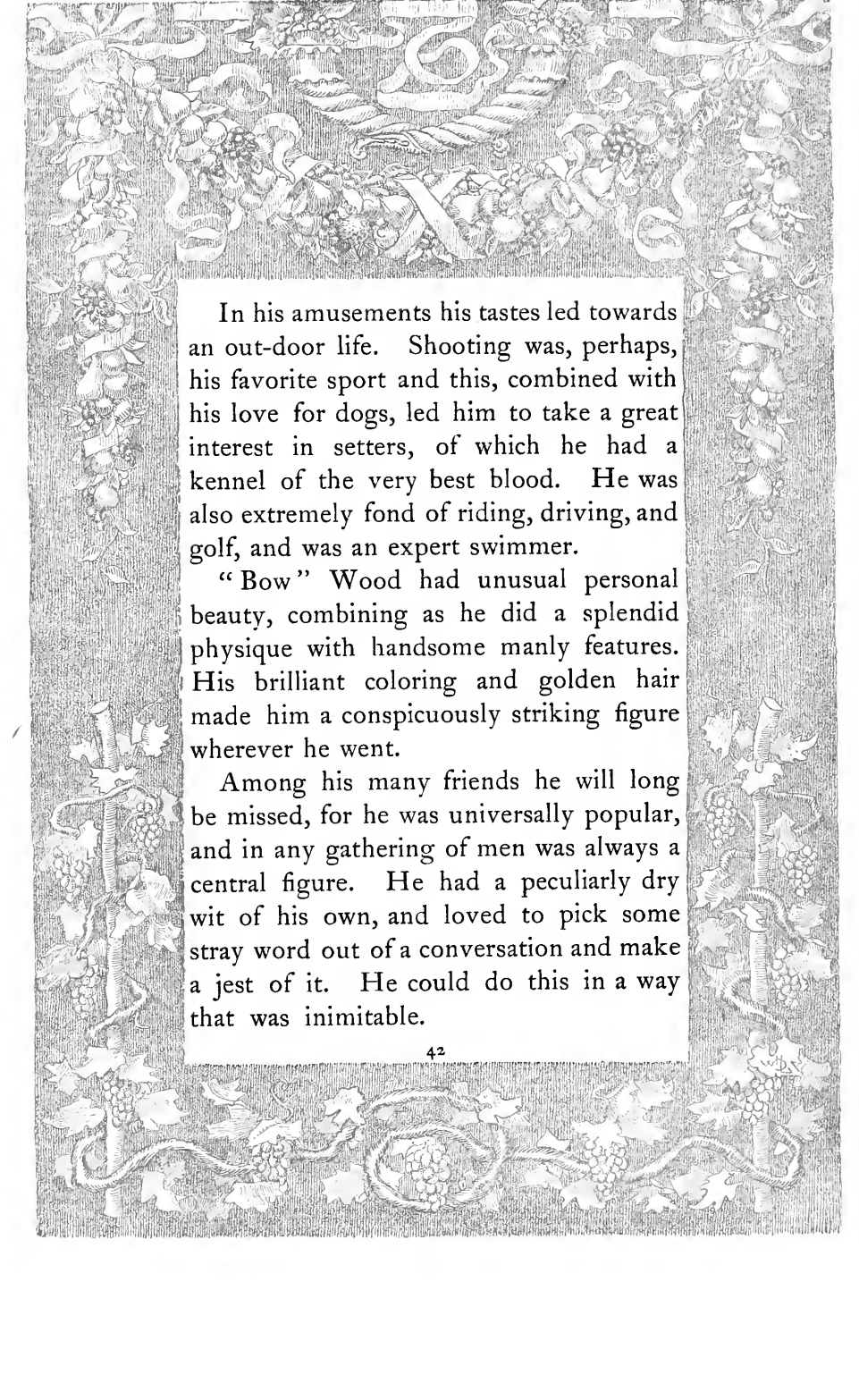
The sympathetic side of his character was very broad and totally free from anything like sentimentalism. It always manifested itself, when possible, in some practical way. He was always ready to lend his moral support whenever he



thought his friends needed it, to "stand by" them as he was accustomed to express it. And he admired this trait in another very much. His sympathy also showed itself in the genuine pleasure he felt in the good fortune of his friends. His congratulations had a heartiness about them that is so often lacking. No one could make you feel so happy in being happy.

One of his characteristic traits was the high value he placed on friendship, feeling it to impose almost sacred obligations, an ideal he fully lived up to.

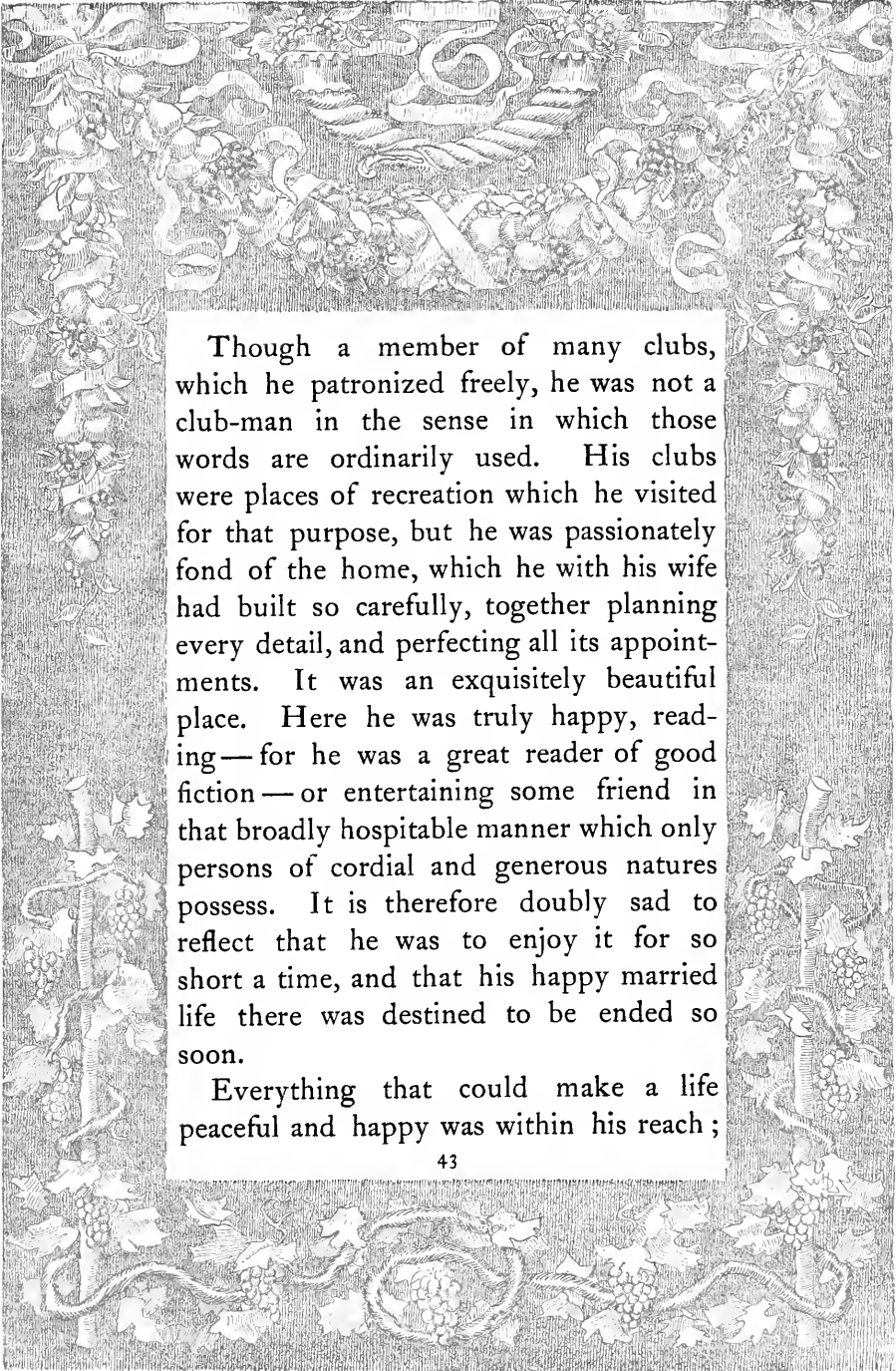
He was extremely democratic, yet he inspired the highest respect and the most perfect obedience from all over whom he exercised authority. He was possessed of unusual executive ability, and had that rare discernment which quickly recognizes ability in others. He was a splendid organizer and this was of inestimable value to him in his business life.



In his amusements his tastes led towards an out-door life. Shooting was, perhaps, his favorite sport and this, combined with his love for dogs, led him to take a great interest in setters, of which he had a kennel of the very best blood. He was also extremely fond of riding, driving, and golf, and was an expert swimmer.

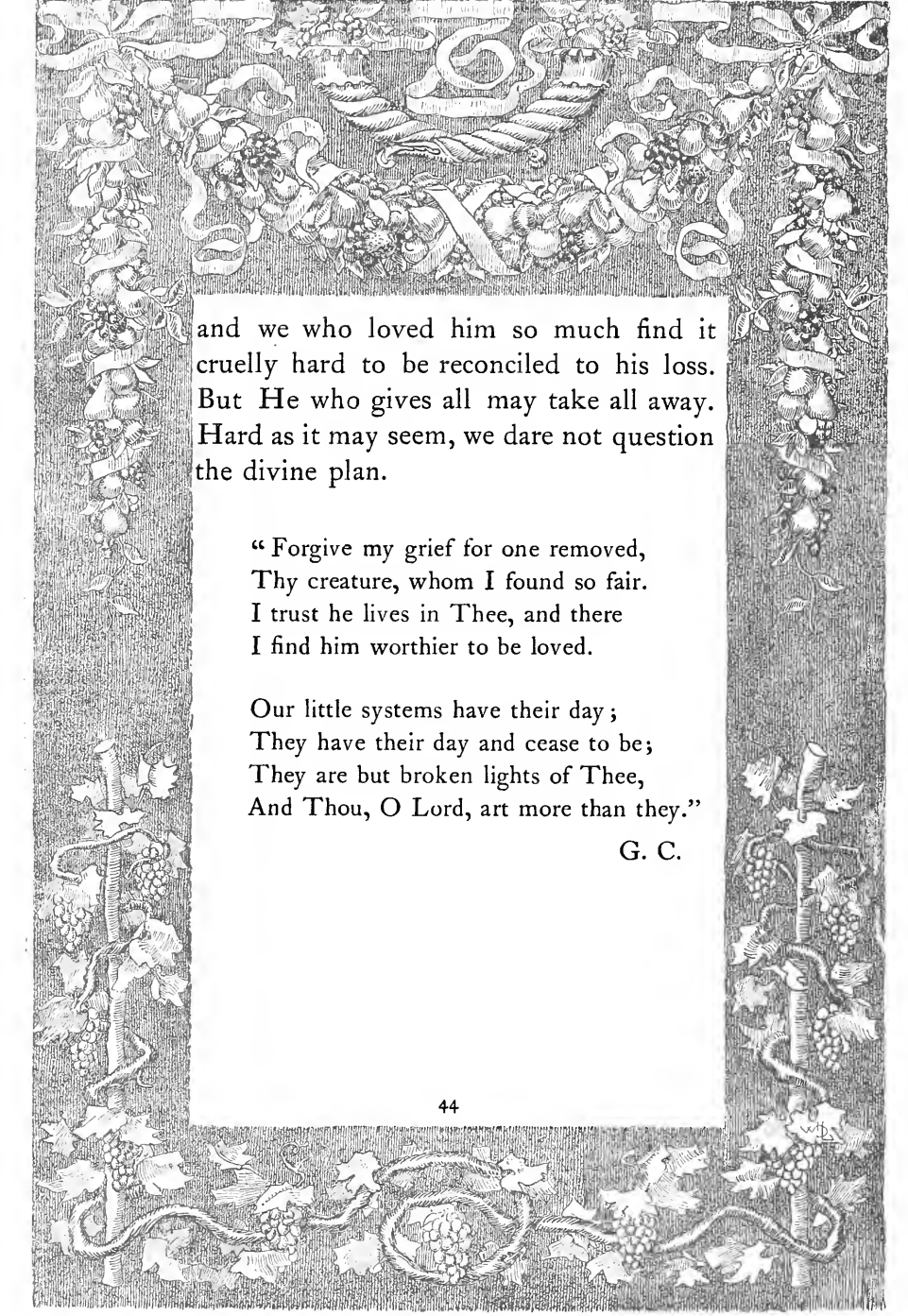
"Bow" Wood had unusual personal beauty, combining as he did a splendid physique with handsome manly features. His brilliant coloring and golden hair made him a conspicuously striking figure wherever he went.

Among his many friends he will long be missed, for he was universally popular, and in any gathering of men was always a central figure. He had a peculiarly dry wit of his own, and loved to pick some stray word out of a conversation and make a jest of it. He could do this in a way that was inimitable.



Though a member of many clubs, which he patronized freely, he was not a club-man in the sense in which those words are ordinarily used. His clubs were places of recreation which he visited for that purpose, but he was passionately fond of the home, which he with his wife had built so carefully, together planning every detail, and perfecting all its appointments. It was an exquisitely beautiful place. Here he was truly happy, reading—for he was a great reader of good fiction—or entertaining some friend in that broadly hospitable manner which only persons of cordial and generous natures possess. It is therefore doubly sad to reflect that he was to enjoy it for so short a time, and that his happy married life there was destined to be ended so soon.

Everything that could make a life peaceful and happy was within his reach ;



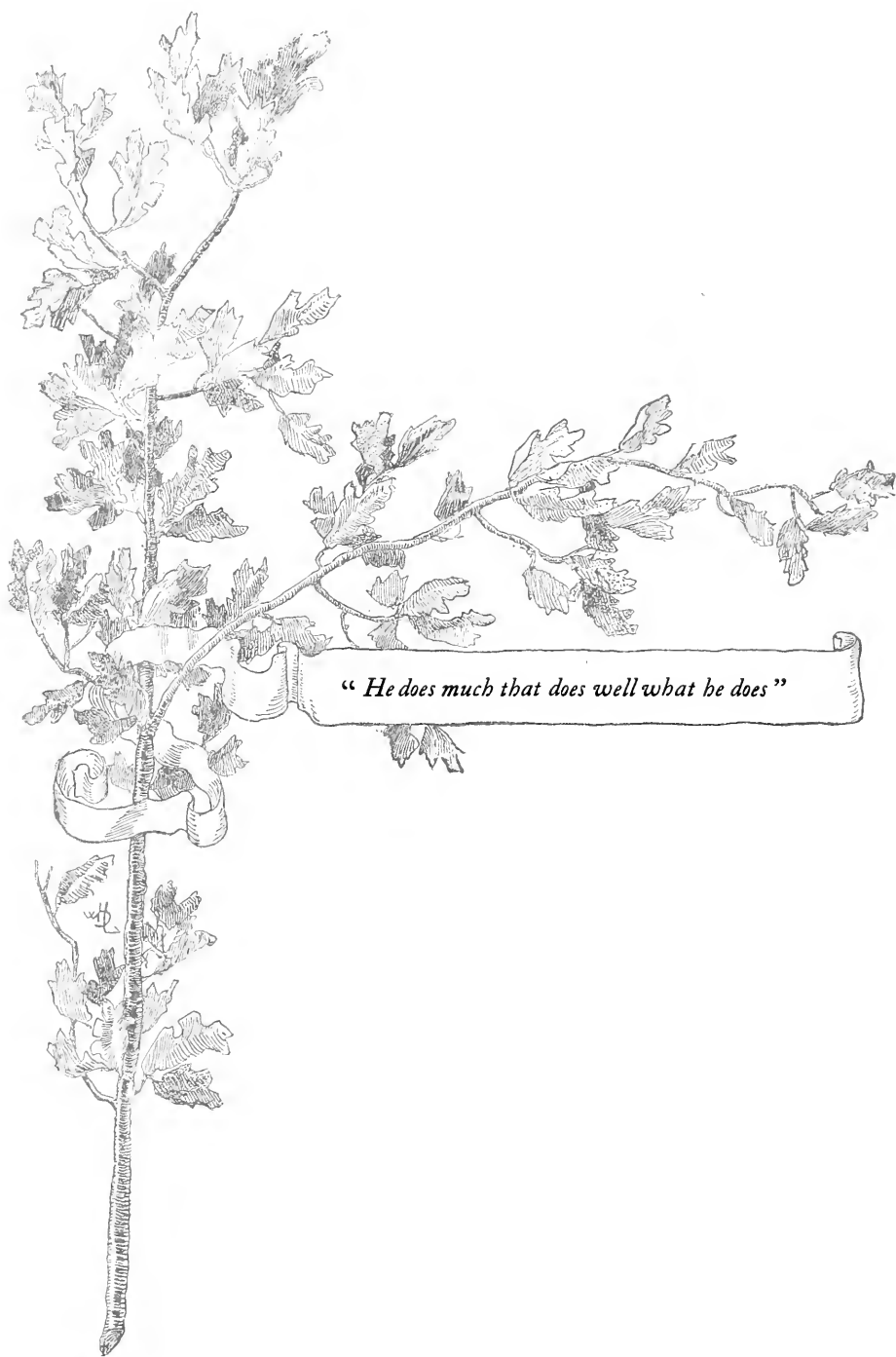
and we who loved him so much find it
cruelly hard to be reconciled to his loss.
But He who gives all may take all away.
Hard as it may seem, we dare not question
the divine plan.

“Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

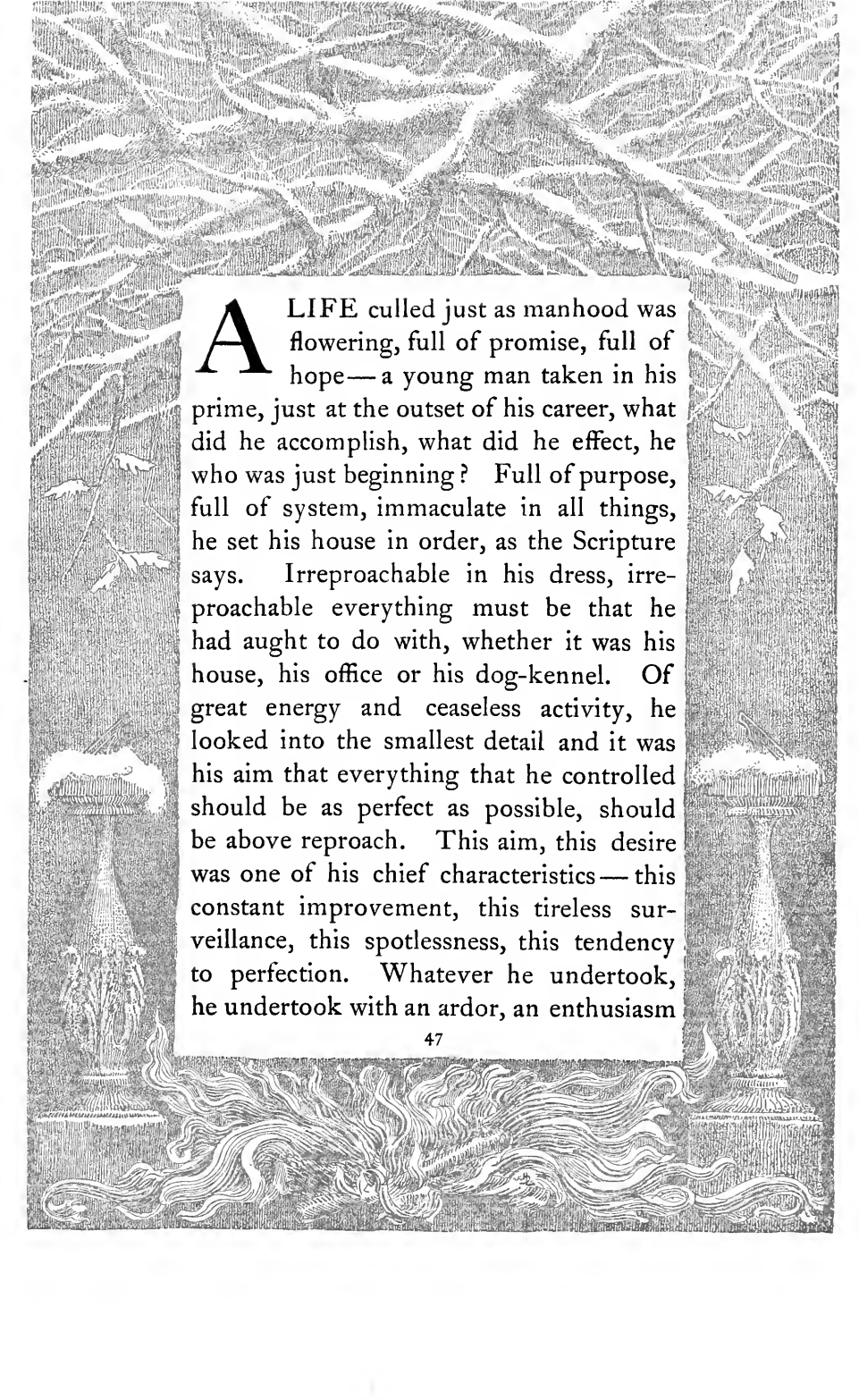
Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.”

G. C.

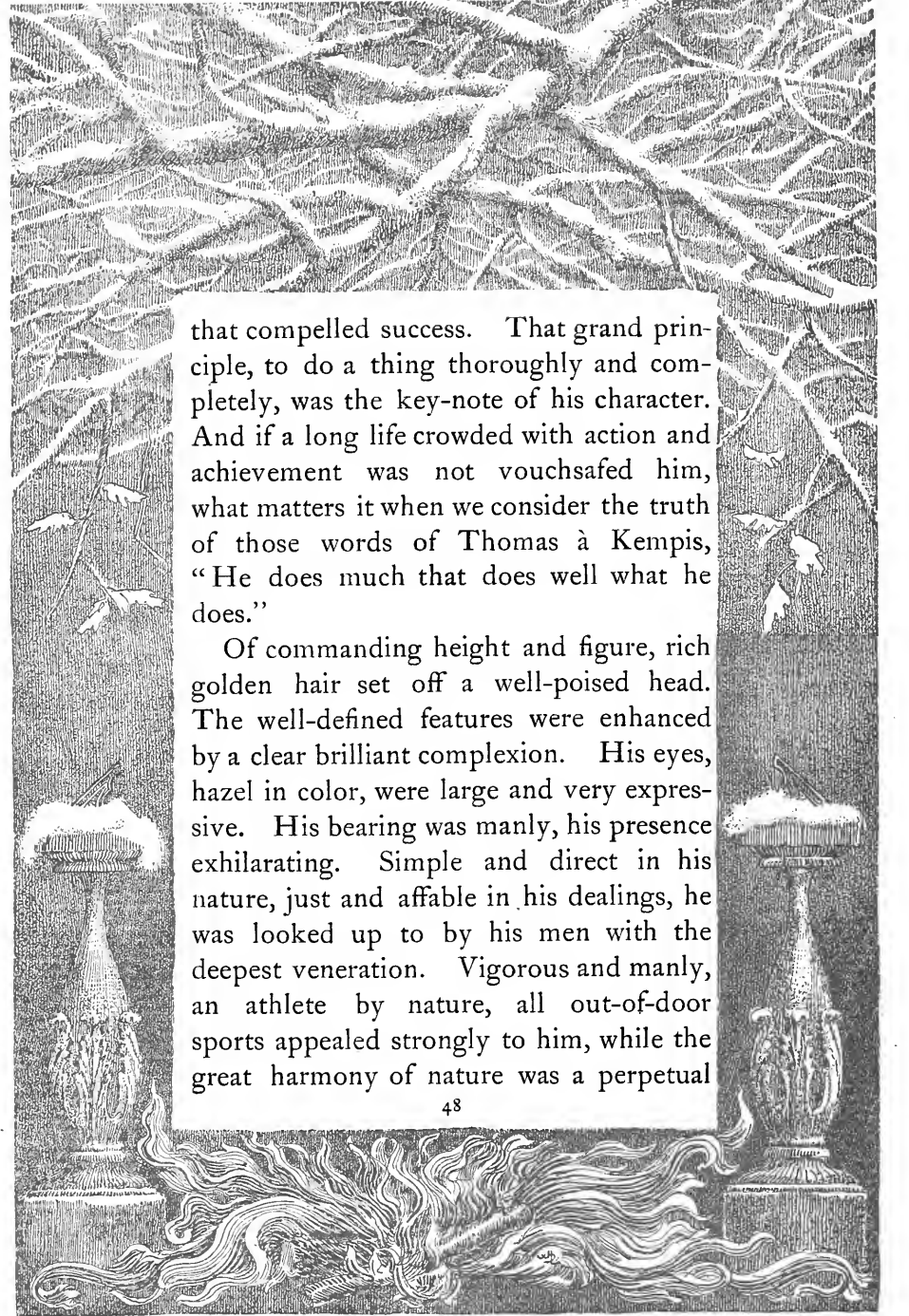




"He does much that does well what he does"

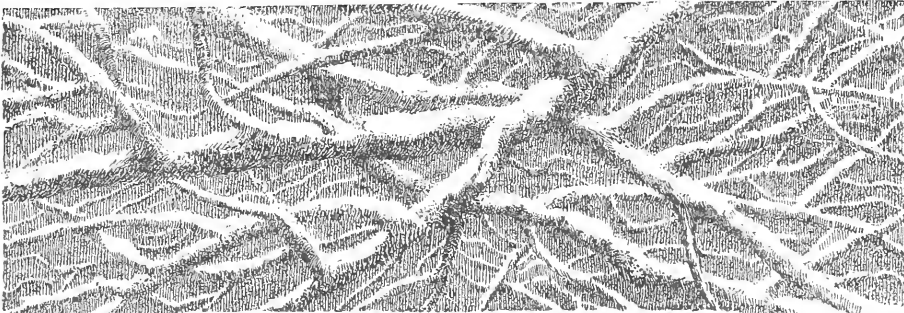


ALIFE culled just as manhood was flowering, full of promise, full of hope—a young man taken in his prime, just at the outset of his career, what did he accomplish, what did he effect, he who was just beginning? Full of purpose, full of system, immaculate in all things, he set his house in order, as the Scripture says. Irreproachable in his dress, irreproachable everything must be that he had aught to do with, whether it was his house, his office or his dog-kennel. Of great energy and ceaseless activity, he looked into the smallest detail and it was his aim that everything that he controlled should be as perfect as possible, should be above reproach. This aim, this desire was one of his chief characteristics—this constant improvement, this tireless surveillance, this spotlessness, this tendency to perfection. Whatever he undertook, he undertook with an ardor, an enthusiasm

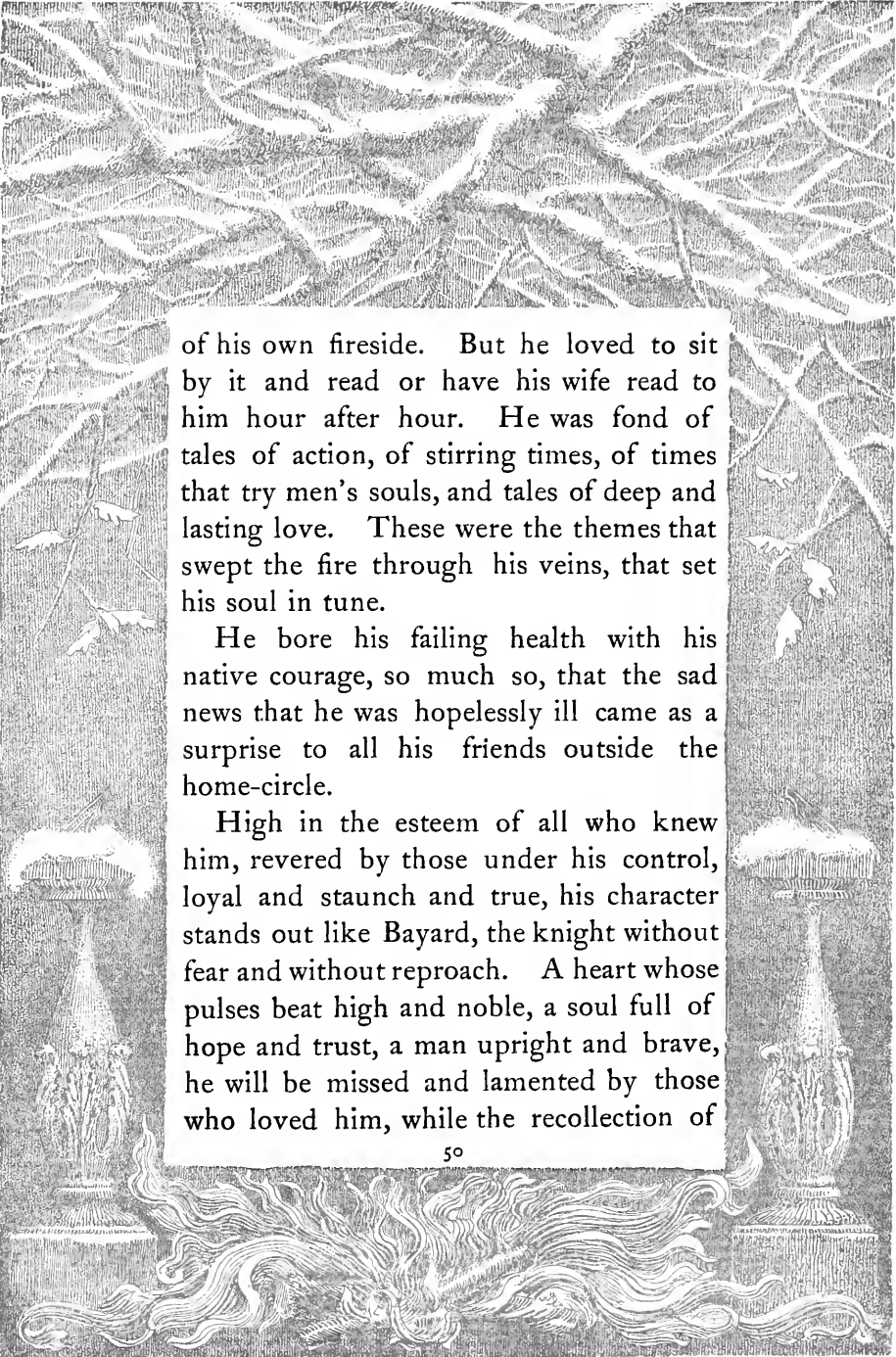


that compelled success. That grand principle, to do a thing thoroughly and completely, was the key-note of his character. And if a long life crowded with action and achievement was not vouchsafed him, what matters it when we consider the truth of those words of Thomas à Kempis, "He does much that does well what he does."

Of commanding height and figure, rich golden hair set off a well-poised head. The well-defined features were enhanced by a clear brilliant complexion. His eyes, hazel in color, were large and very expressive. His bearing was manly, his presence exhilarating. Simple and direct in his nature, just and affable in his dealings, he was looked up to by his men with the deepest veneration. Vigorous and manly, an athlete by nature, all out-of-door sports appealed strongly to him, while the great harmony of nature was a perpetual



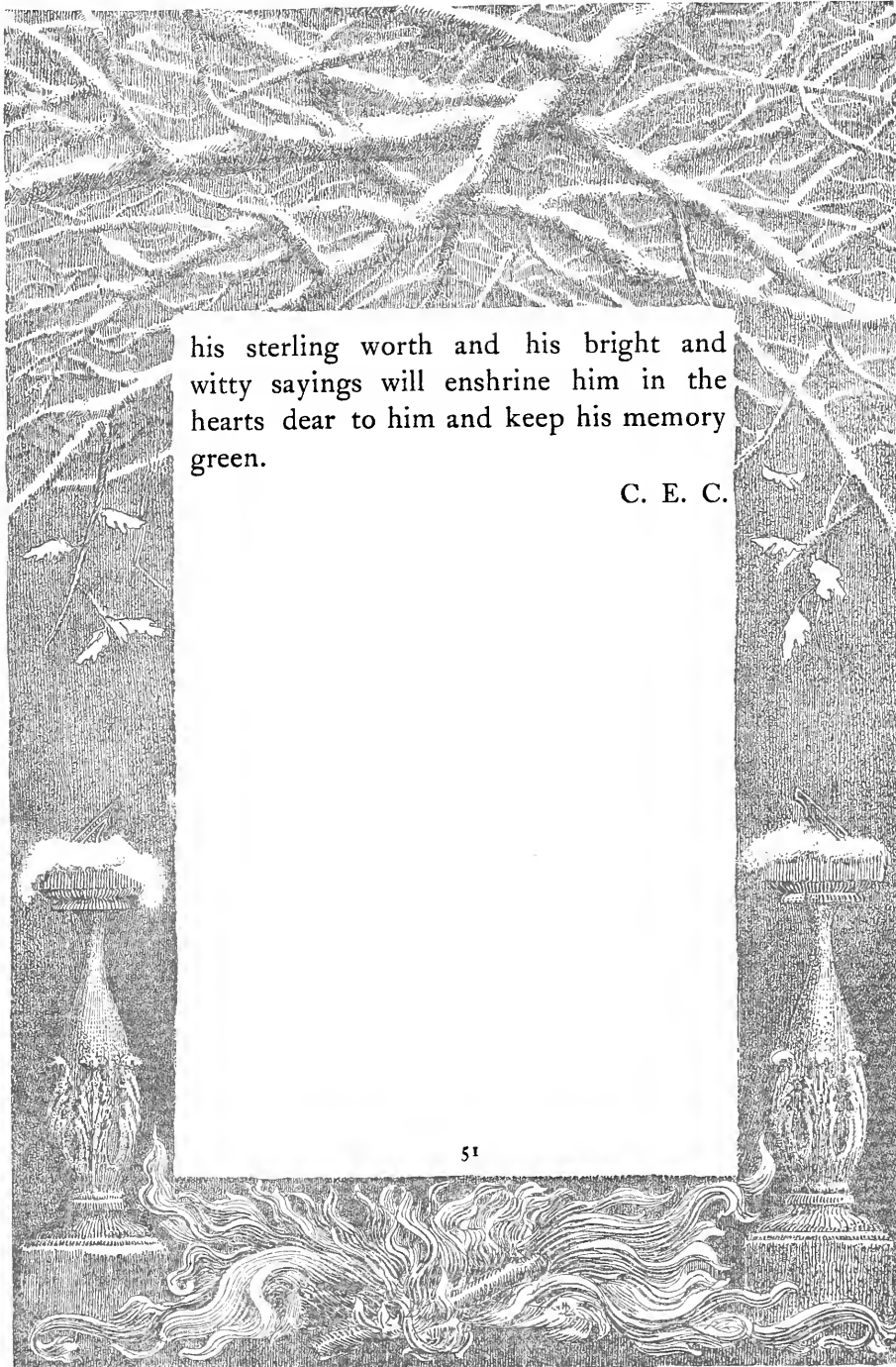
delight to him. Fond of animals, he and his dogs were companions, while his love of flowers and his fondness for the country kept his heart fresh and buoyant. A well-balanced mind, a keen judgment, a hater of shams, a bright wit, a happy disposition and strong and lasting affections made him many lasting friendships. The true firm grasp of the hand revealed the loyal heart. His earnest faith in God was childlike in its direct simplicity. His deep, unwavering love for his wife, his strong love and admiration of his father was only equalled by the lavish devotion of both wife and father to him. Quick and sympathetic, he liked to help the distressed and unsuccessful. Fearless in his soul, his bravery and resolution was always striking. Home and home-life was his delight,—to make his home more and more beautiful his constant wish. It is not often that a man so athletic is so fond



of his own fireside. But he loved to sit by it and read or have his wife read to him hour after hour. He was fond of tales of action, of stirring times, of times that try men's souls, and tales of deep and lasting love. These were the themes that swept the fire through his veins, that set his soul in tune.

He bore his failing health with his native courage, so much so, that the sad news that he was hopelessly ill came as a surprise to all his friends outside the home-circle.

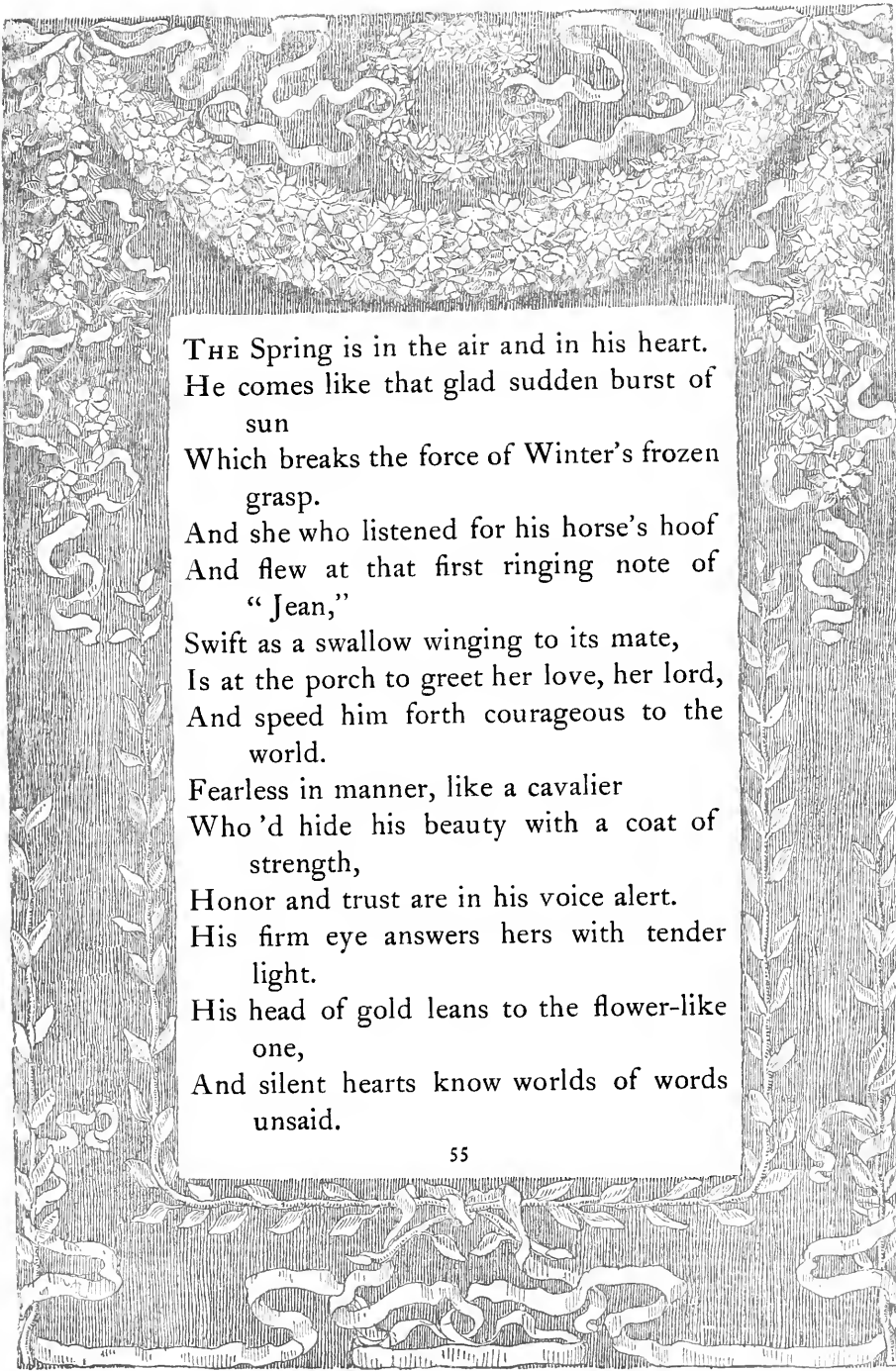
High in the esteem of all who knew him, revered by those under his control, loyal and staunch and true, his character stands out like Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach. A heart whose pulses beat high and noble, a soul full of hope and trust, a man upright and brave, he will be missed and lamented by those who loved him, while the recollection of



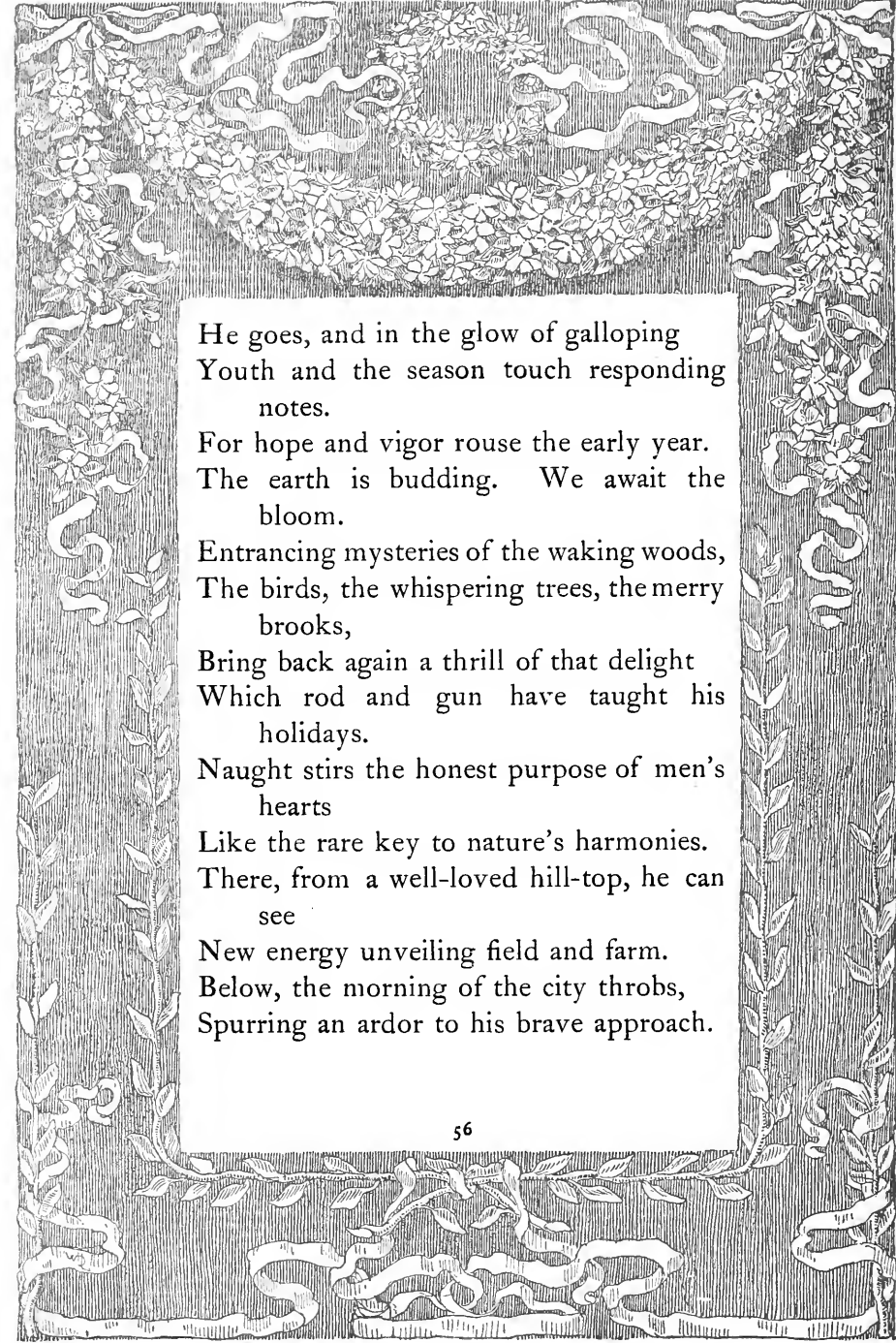
his sterling worth and his bright and
witty sayings will enshrine him in the
hearts dear to him and keep his memory
green.

C. E. C.





THE Spring is in the air and in his heart.
He comes like that glad sudden burst of
sun
Which breaks the force of Winter's frozen
grasp.
And she who listened for his horse's hoof
And flew at that first ringing note of
"Jean,"
Swift as a swallow winging to its mate,
Is at the porch to greet her love, her lord,
And speed him forth courageous to the
world.
Fearless in manner, like a cavalier
Who'd hide his beauty with a coat of
strength,
Honor and trust are in his voice alert.
His firm eye answers hers with tender
light.
His head of gold leans to the flower-like
one,
And silent hearts know worlds of words
unsaid.



He goes, and in the glow of galloping
Youth and the season touch responding
notes.

For hope and vigor rouse the early year.
The earth is budding. We await the
bloom.

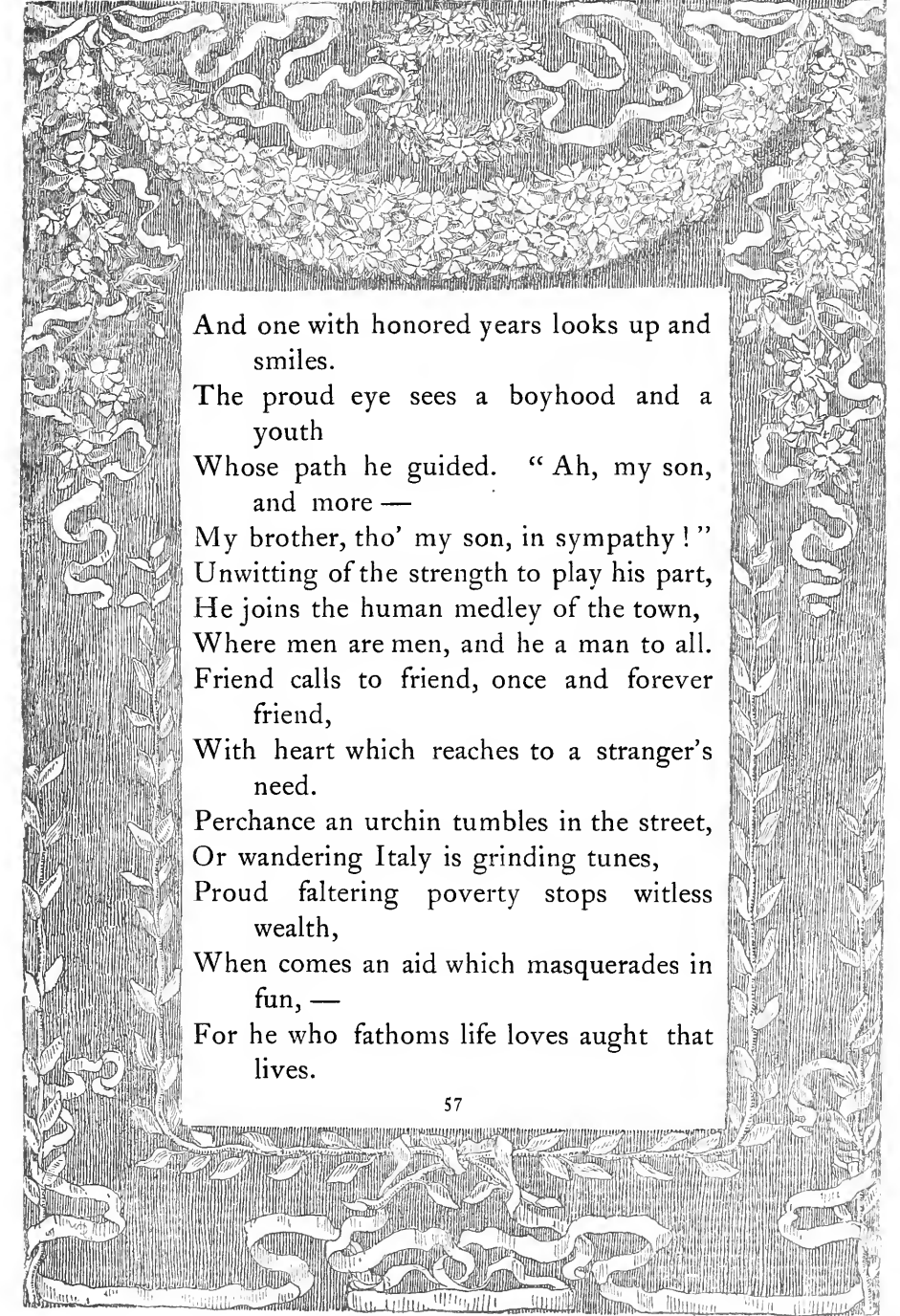
Entrancing mysteries of the waking woods,
The birds, the whispering trees, the merry
brooks,

Bring back again a thrill of that delight
Which rod and gun have taught his
holidays.

Naught stirs the honest purpose of men's
hearts

Like the rare key to nature's harmonies.
There, from a well-loved hill-top, he can
see

New energy unveiling field and farm.
Below, the morning of the city throbs,
Spurring an ardor to his brave approach.



And one with honored years looks up and
smiles.

The proud eye sees a boyhood and a
youth

Whose path he guided. "Ah, my son,
and more —

My brother, tho' my son, in sympathy!"

Unwitting of the strength to play his part,

He joins the human medley of the town,

Where men are men, and he a man to all.

Friend calls to friend, once and forever
friend,

With heart which reaches to a stranger's
need.

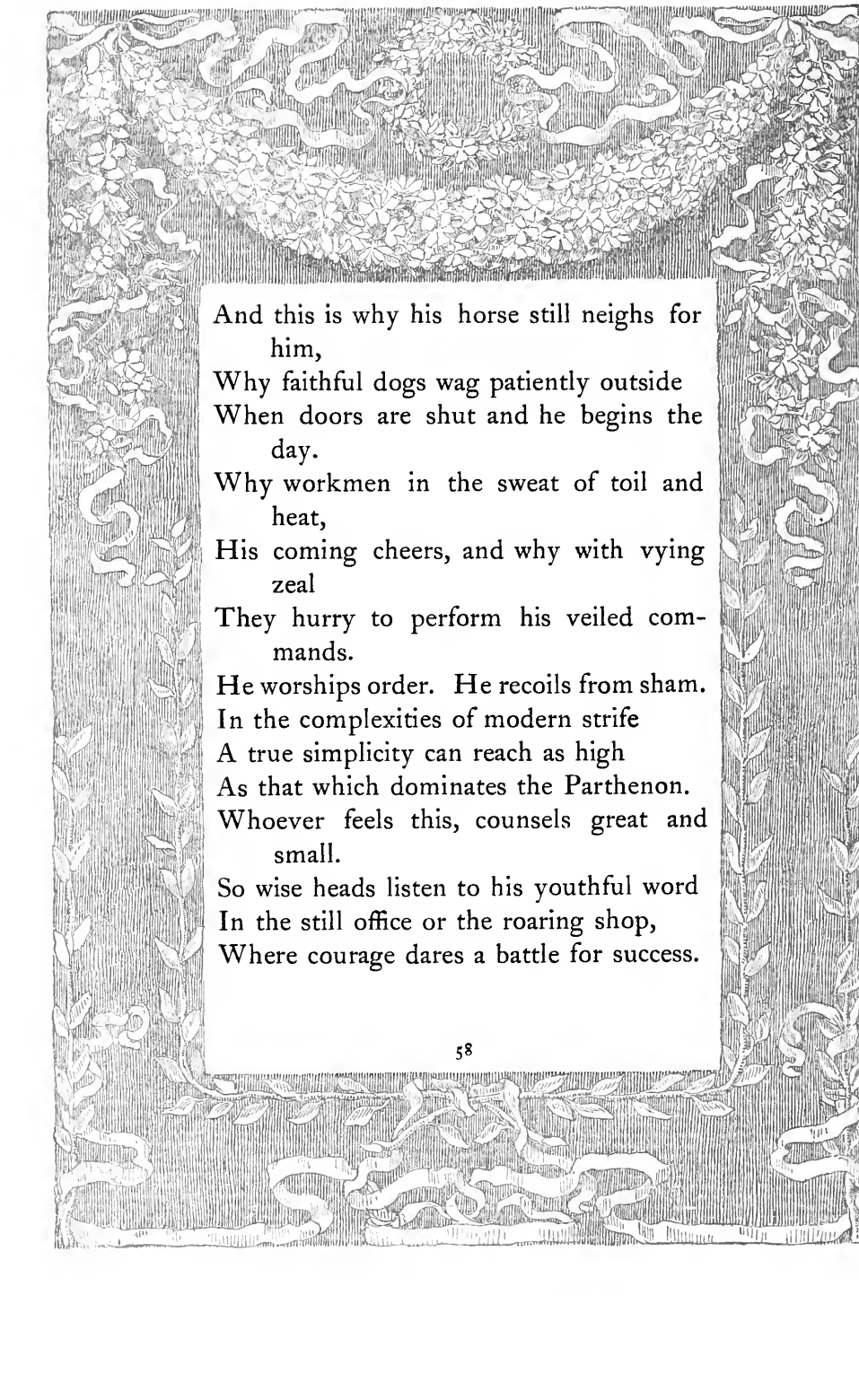
Perchance an urchin tumbles in the street,

Or wandering Italy is grinding tunes,

Proud faltering poverty stops witless
wealth,

When comes an aid which masquerades in
fun, —

For he who fathoms life loves aught that
lives.



And this is why his horse still neighs for
him,

Why faithful dogs wag patiently outside
When doors are shut and he begins the
day.

Why workmen in the sweat of toil and
heat,

His coming cheers, and why with vying
zeal

They hurry to perform his veiled com-
mands.

He worships order. He recoils from sham.

In the complexities of modern strife

A true simplicity can reach as high

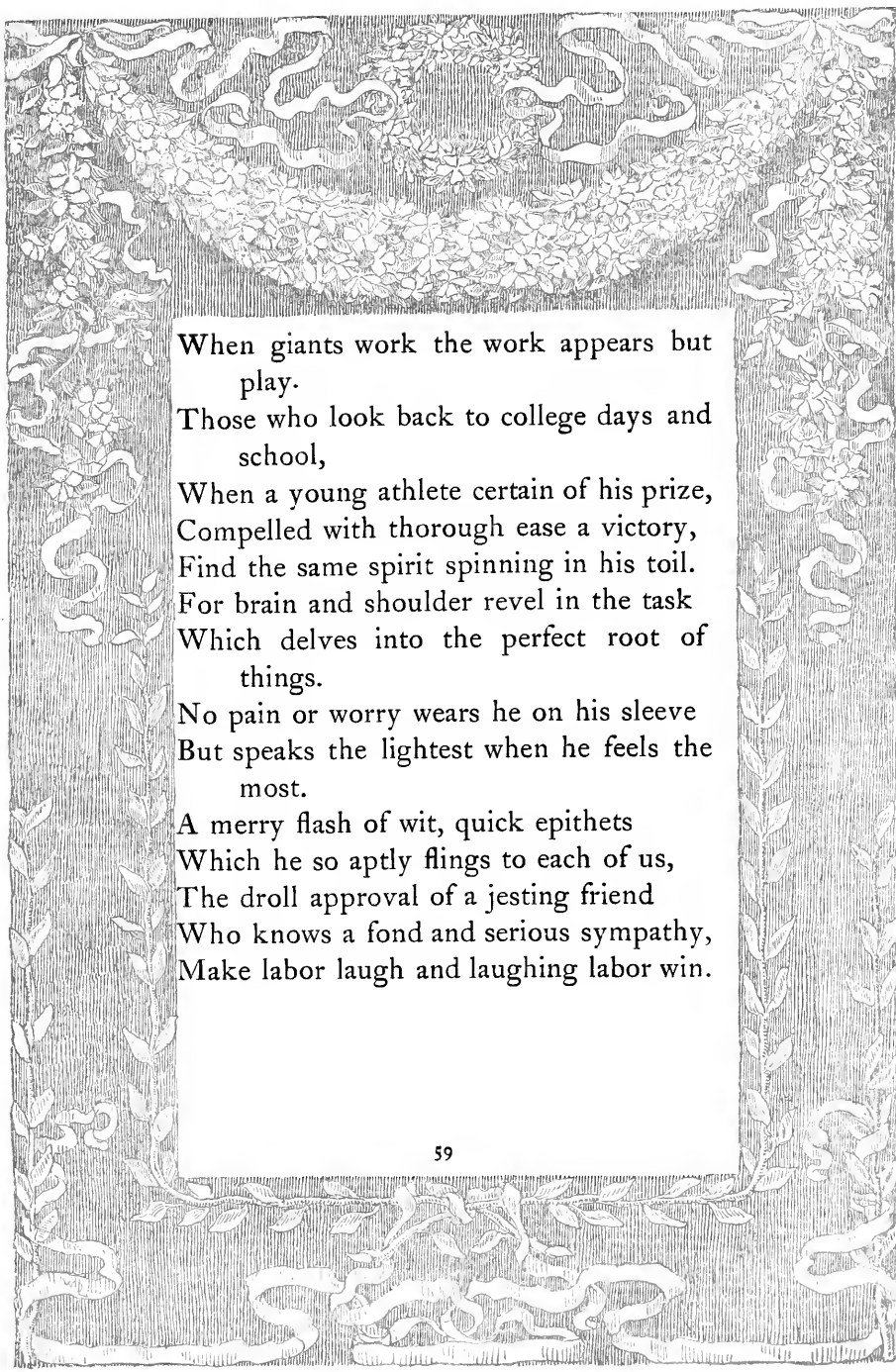
As that which dominates the Parthenon.

Whoever feels this, counsels great and
small.

So wise heads listen to his youthful word

In the still office or the roaring shop,

Where courage dares a battle for success.



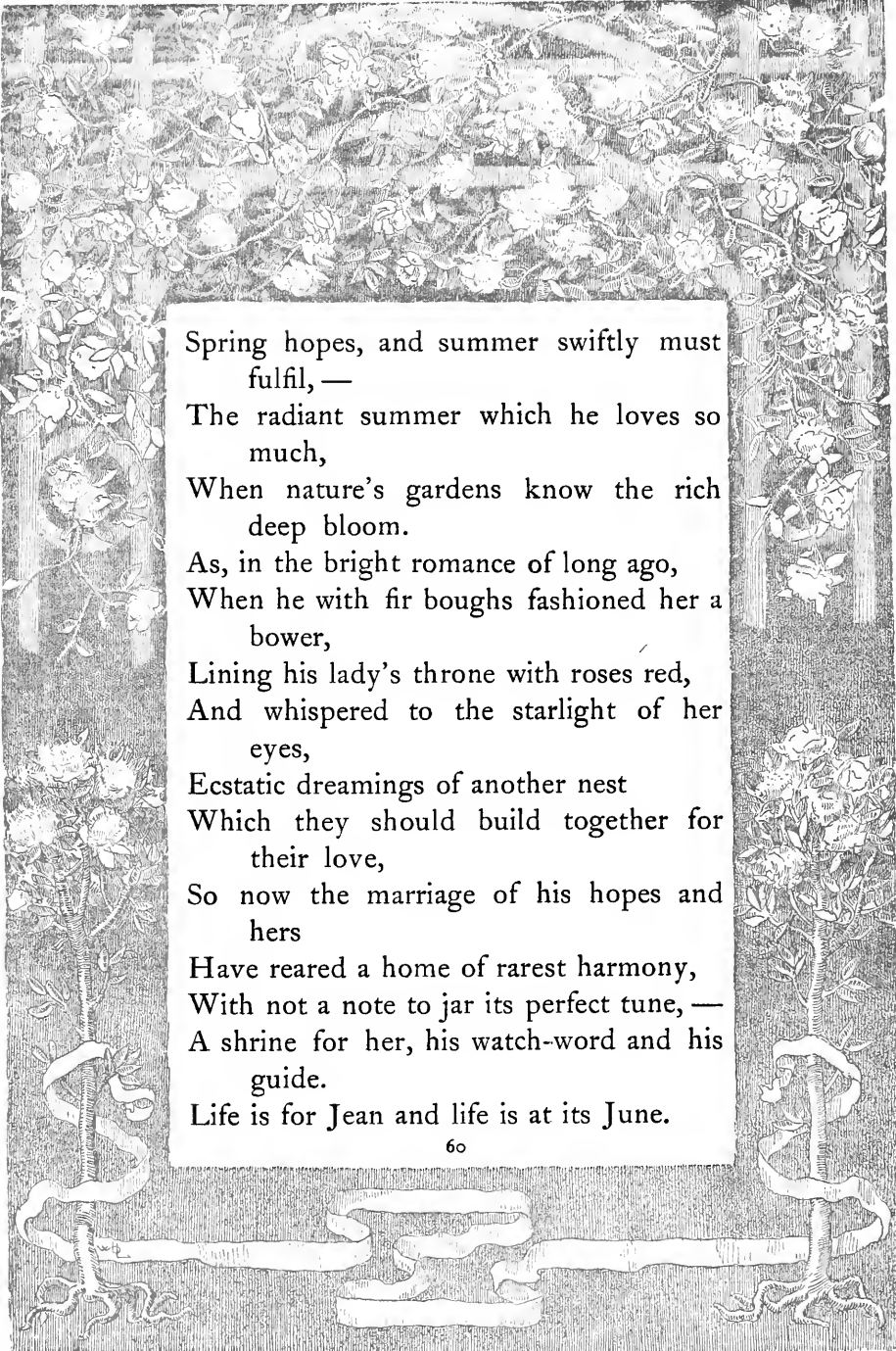
When giants work the work appears but
play.

Those who look back to college days and
school,

When a young athlete certain of his prize,
Compelled with thorough ease a victory,
Find the same spirit spinning in his toil.
For brain and shoulder revel in the task
Which delves into the perfect root of
things.

No pain or worry wears he on his sleeve
But speaks the lightest when he feels the
most.

A merry flash of wit, quick epithets
Which he so aptly flings to each of us,
The droll approval of a jesting friend
Who knows a fond and serious sympathy,
Make labor laugh and laughing labor win.



Spring hopes, and summer swiftly must
fulfil, —

The radiant summer which he loves so
much,

When nature's gardens know the rich
deep bloom.

As, in the bright romance of long ago,
When he with fir boughs fashioned her a
bower,

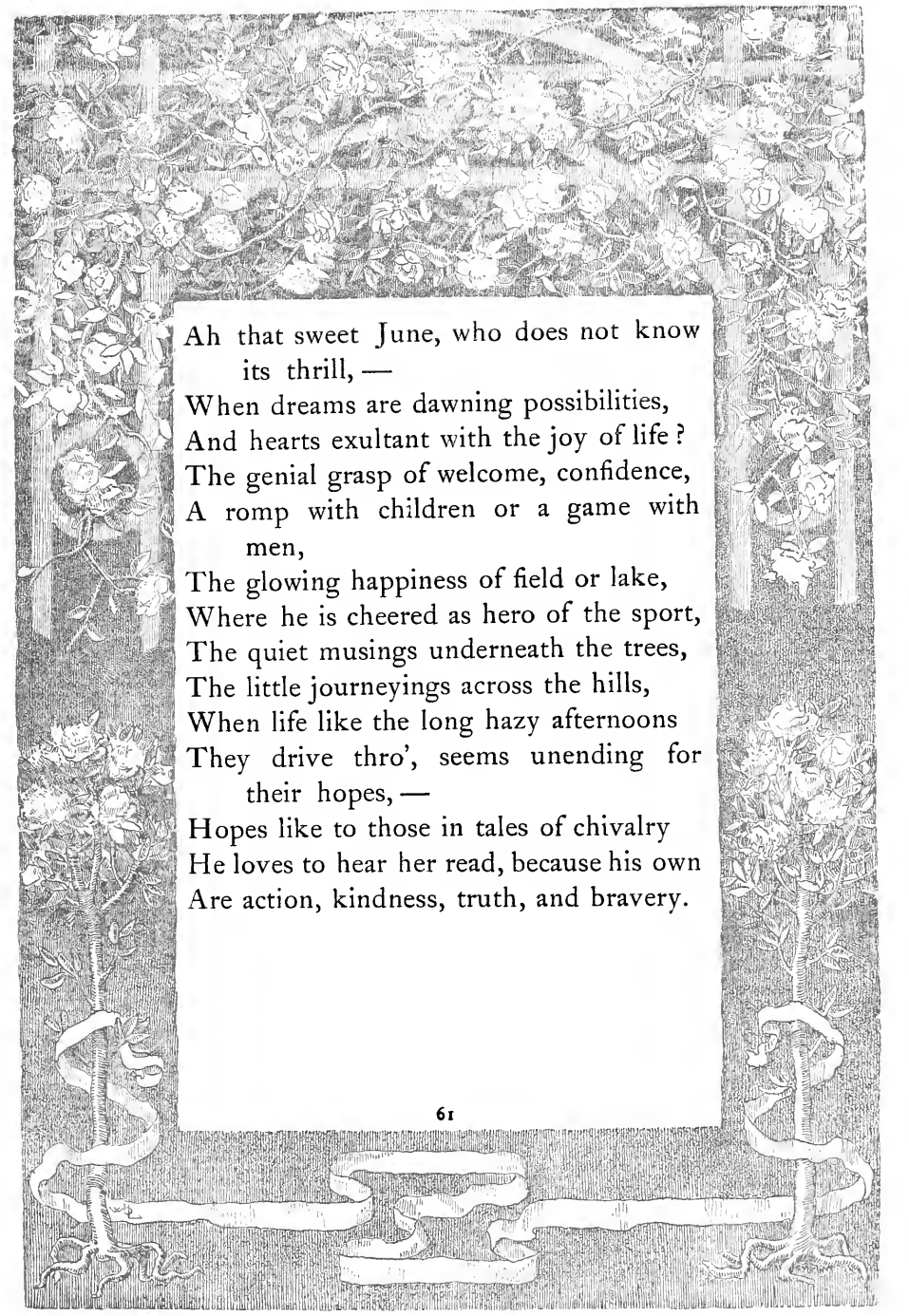
Lining his lady's throne with roses red,
And whispered to the starlight of her
eyes,

Ecstatic dreamings of another nest
Which they should build together for
their love,

So now the marriage of his hopes and
hers

Have reared a home of rarest harmony,
With not a note to jar its perfect tune, —
A shrine for her, his watch-word and his
guide.

Life is for Jean and life is at its June.

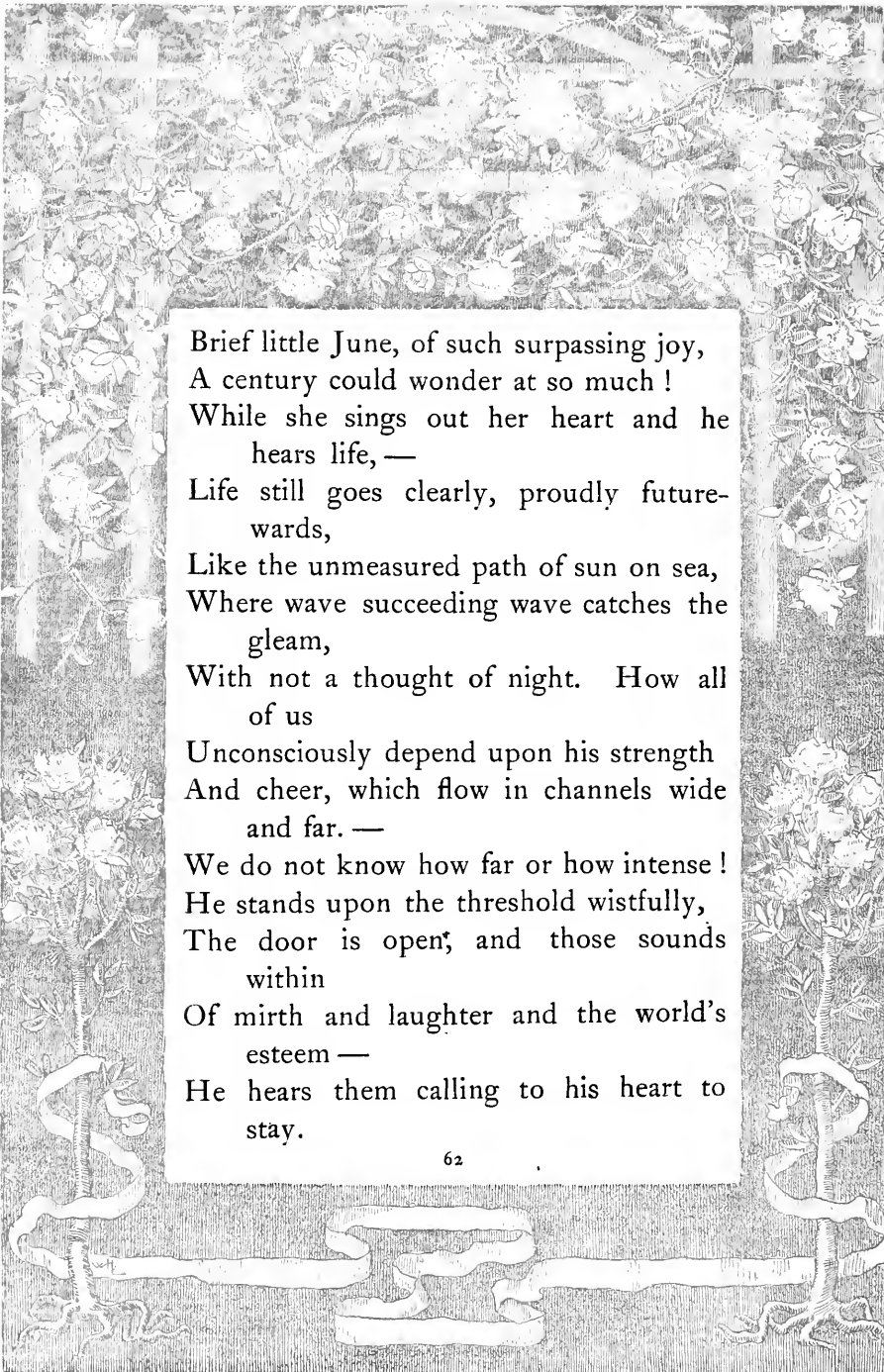


Ah that sweet June, who does not know
its thrill, —

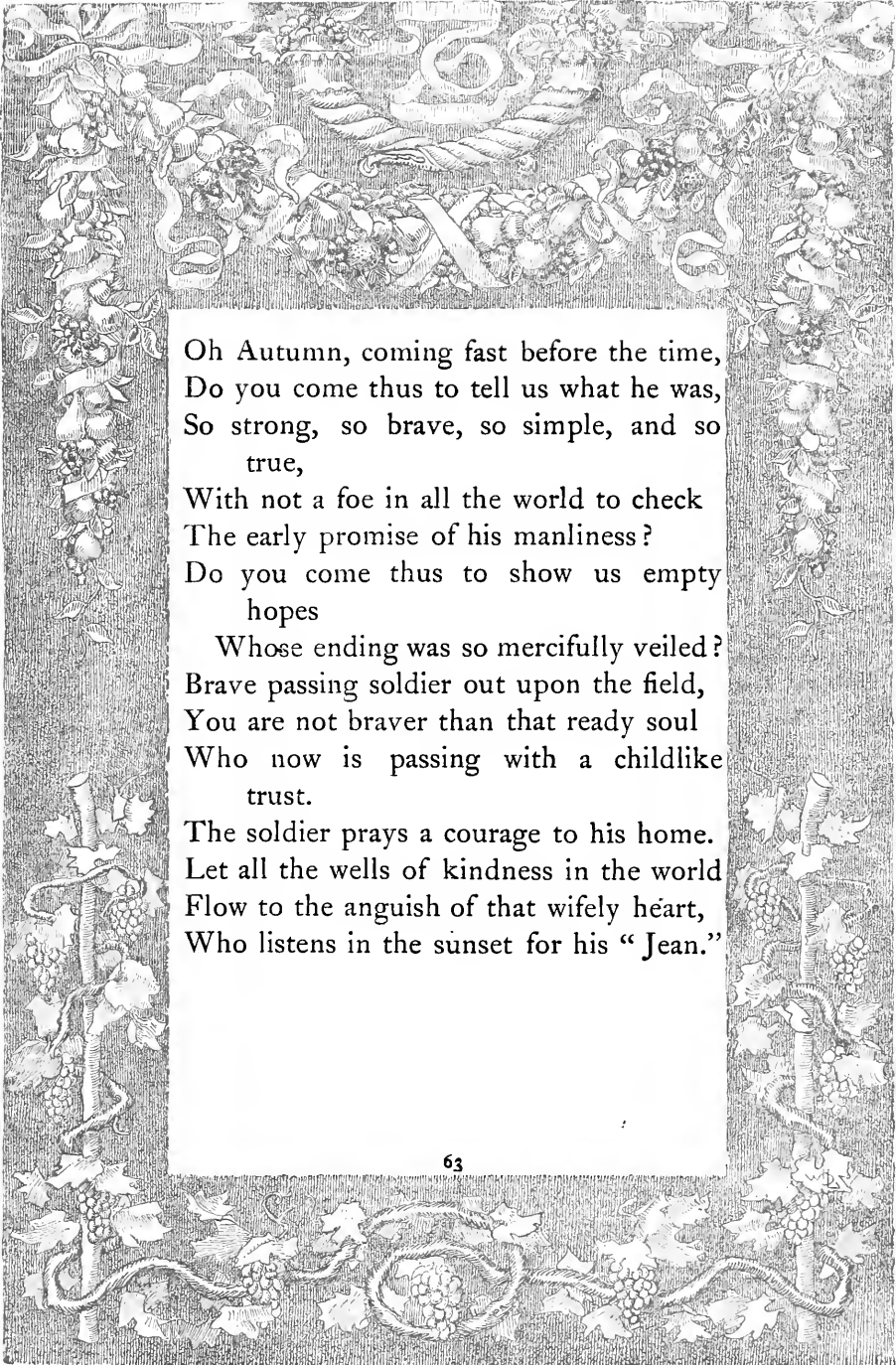
When dreams are dawning possibilities,
And hearts exultant with the joy of life ?
The genial grasp of welcome, confidence,
A romp with children or a game with
men,

The glowing happiness of field or lake,
Where he is cheered as hero of the sport,
The quiet musings underneath the trees,
The little journeyings across the hills,
When life like the long hazy afternoons
They drive thro', seems unending for
their hopes, —

Hopes like to those in tales of chivalry
He loves to hear her read, because his own
Are action, kindness, truth, and bravery.



Brief little June, of such surpassing joy,
A century could wonder at so much !
While she sings out her heart and he
hears life, —
Life still goes clearly, proudly future-
wards,
Like the unmeasured path of sun on sea,
Where wave succeeding wave catches the
gleam,
With not a thought of night. How all
of us
Unconsciously depend upon his strength
And cheer, which flow in channels wide
and far. —
We do not know how far or how intense !
He stands upon the threshold wistfully,
The door is open; and those sounds
within
Of mirth and laughter and the world's
esteem —
He hears them calling to his heart to
stay.

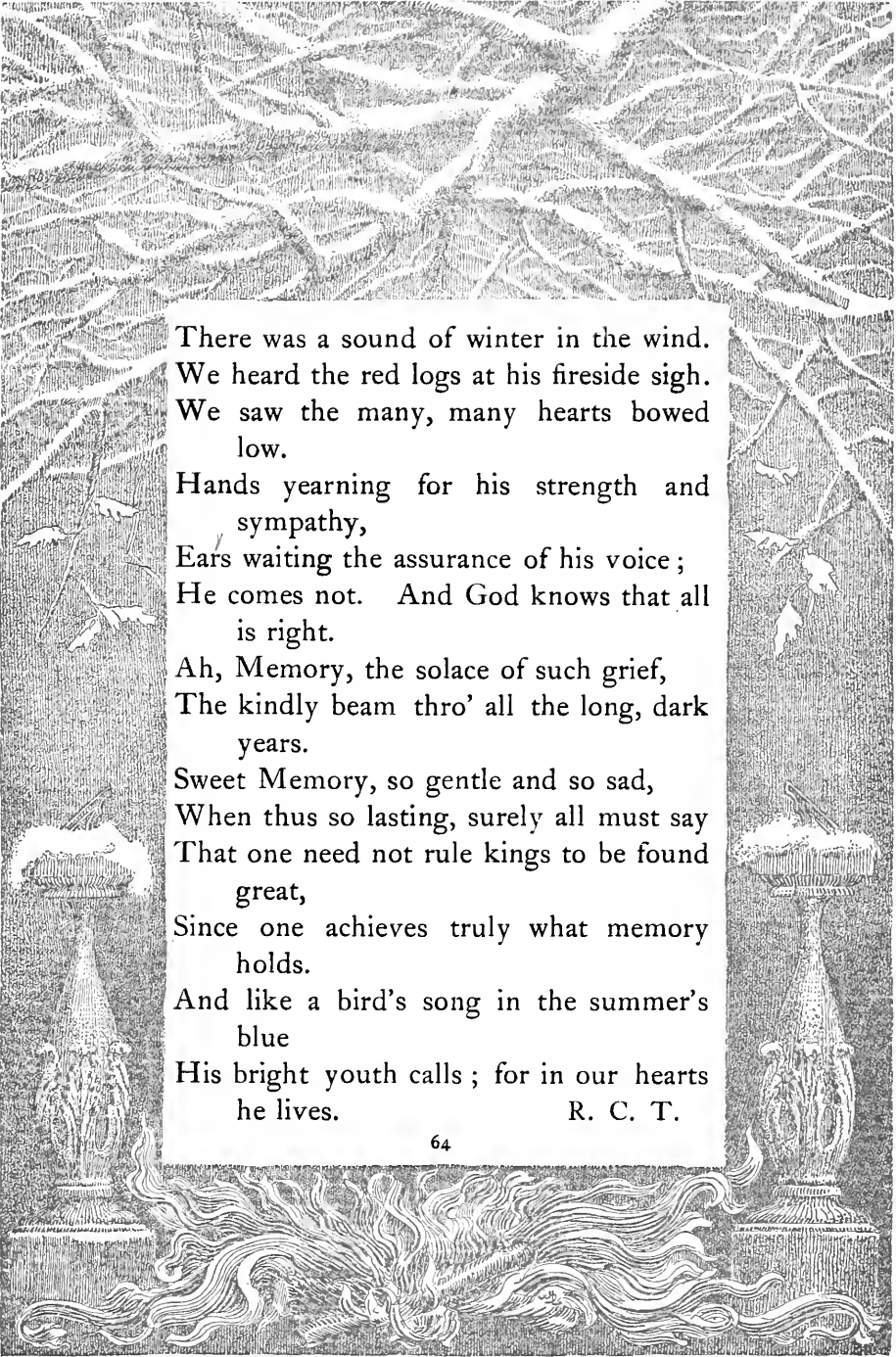


Oh Autumn, coming fast before the time,
Do you come thus to tell us what he was,
So strong, so brave, so simple, and so
true,

With not a foe in all the world to check
The early promise of his manliness?
Do you come thus to show us empty
hopes

Whose ending was so mercifully veiled?
Brave passing soldier out upon the field,
You are not braver than that ready soul
Who now is passing with a childlike
trust.

The soldier prays a courage to his home.
Let all the wells of kindness in the world
Flow to the anguish of that wifely heart,
Who listens in the sunset for his "Jean."



There was a sound of winter in the wind.
We heard the red logs at his fireside sigh.
We saw the many, many hearts bowed
low.

Hands yearning for his strength and
sympathy,
Ears waiting the assurance of his voice ;
He comes not. And God knows that all
is right.

Ah, Memory, the solace of such grief,
The kindly beam thro' all the long, dark
years.

Sweet Memory, so gentle and so sad,
When thus so lasting, surely all must say
That one need not rule kings to be found
great,

Since one achieves truly what memory
holds.

And like a bird's song in the summer's
blue

His bright youth calls ; for in our hearts
he lives.

R. C. T.







